

The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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**National Baby Contest — page 37**





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magic of  
being a  
woman...



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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● For many years the title Melbourne "Cup" was a misnomer, says Freda Irving, who wrote the history of the race and its fashions in the V.R.C. Centenary section (pages 17 to 25).

SHE told us: "No trophy was given for the race until Toryboy's year, 1865, when a piece of plate valued at 100 guineas went to the winner.

"Tim Whiffler's Cup of 1867 depicted Alexander taming the horse. It was imported from England, much to the disgust of Melbourne jewelers.

"In 1887, when Dunlop won, a golden horseshoe was the trophy.

"It was not until just before World War I that the Melbourne Cup settled into its now regulation gold shape."

Incidentally, Freda was very grateful to the helpful staff of Melbourne's Public Library, where she spent many hours doing research for her stories.

One member even put a new and stronger light for her in the basement "lest she strained her eyes."

★ ★ ★  
E. M. (Edith) TIMBS, author of the eerie short story "The Sinister Cloud" (page 27), lives a peaceful life nursing, gardening, and housekeeping for a bachelor brother at Clayton, Vic.

She is on permanent night duty, and writes most of her stories during the long, quiet hours.

Miss Timbs told our Fiction Department that when she was

at school, writing and literature were the only things she really enjoyed.

She has had many short stories in Australian newspapers, but this is the first we have published.



Cynthia Strachan

STAFF member Cynthia Strachan has a new address for the next few weeks: Domus Pacis, Via Torre Rossa, Rome.

Cynthia flew to Rome to write on-the-spot reports on the 1960 Olympics for us.

The Domus Pacis ("house of peace") is in the Olympic Village.

Cynthia's first story from Rome will be in our next issue—in which we feature a special eight-page all-color guide to the Games (see below).

### Our Cover

● Eighteen-month-old Susan Anne Hearder had a wide smile when she posed for her father, Sydney photographer John Hearder. For full details of our National Baby Contest, see page 37.

Our picture shows Cynthia in the green Australian blazer with the gold Olympic pocket presented to her for the Games.

★ ★ ★  
STEPHEN POTTER, husband of Barbara Jenner, who has "made 7000 happy marriages" (page 5), is world-famous as a humorous writer.

In 1947 he published the first in his "Manship" series—"The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship" or "The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating."

He followed this in 1950 with "Some Notes on Lifemanship" and in 1952 by "One-Upmanship." His most recent book is "Sense of Humor."

And Stephen Potter's humor is a scientific and sympathetic analysis of the different types of humbug, which he solemnly describes as a principle to be followed.

Stephen Potter was educated at Westminster and Merton College, Oxford, and was a lecturer in English at English universities.

He and his attractive wife live in St. John's Wood, London.

## All-color guide to the Olympics

● A spectacular eight-page all-color guide to the 1960 Rome Olympics is a pull-out for quick reference in our next issue. It gives the complete programme for the 18 days, and is illustrated with superb color pictures of the stadiums and arenas where the events will be held, and color pin-ups of Australian Olympians.



# YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN

IT was a Sydney of horse-drawn traffic and demure, over-dressed little girls when Grace Brothers opened their first tiny shop in Broadway in 1885.

As part of their 75th birthday celebrations they have delved, via prints in the Mitchell Library, into the late-Victorian era and reproduced the children's clothes of the period.

Eight outfits were made by leading clothes manufacturers from prints taken from a book on period costumes by James Laver, authority on ancient and modern costumes.

The clothes will be modelled in children's fashion parades in the Broadway store from August 26 to September 5 alongside their latest collection of next summer's styles.



● Susan Bevan, aged 10, shows what the well-dressed girl of 1885 wore on a Sunday in the park—candy-striped cotton and lace flounces. The 1960 sun-dress is modelled by Carmel MacRae, aged 12. Both will be in the children's fashion parades.



● Two little girls in red. These copies of late-Victorian children's clothes are typical of the frilly, pleated styles of that very cluttered period.

● The dropped waistline for little girls wasn't new 65 years ago. Susan's dress of broderie anglaise, with matching hat and wide, baby-blue ribbon trimming, is 1885 style.







## A DOUBLE BLESSING!

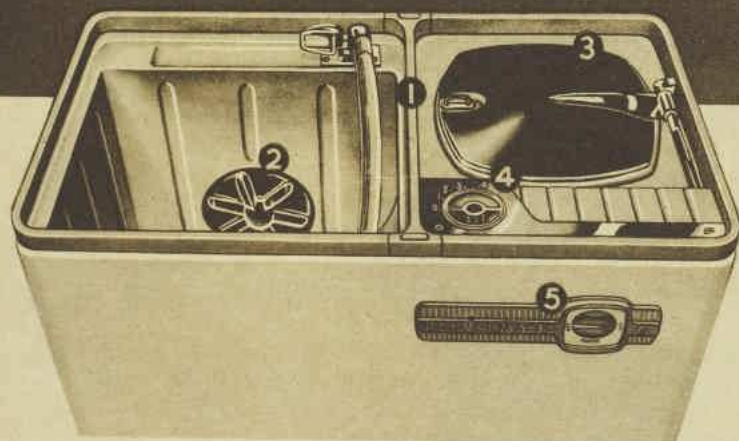
**WHAT A BLESSING!**  
Exclusive pulsator  
washes your clothes  
*boil-clean!*

**WHAT A BLESSING!**  
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the quickest, driest spin  
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## Ski instructor— dressmaker, too

● When Lorna Clarke was in Austria, the other skiers called her "Little Kangaroo"—because she was the only Australian in a ski instructors' course.

NOW Lorna has arrived home in Melbourne with a more impressive distinction—the coveted Austrian Ski Instructor's badge.

With a fascinating new accent in her voice (developed from speaking only German) Lorna explained it was "luck" that got her into the ski instructors' course.

"It's not that they don't like Australians, but they have more Austrians than they can already cope with on the waiting list," she said.

During her five years overseas Lorna spent her holidays at the fashionable ski resort of St. Anton a/Arberg.

Her ski-ing instructor was an examiner for the instructors' course. One season Lorna asked if she could join the next course.

### Learnt German

"He said yes, but in the next breath told me I'd have to learn German by the time the course began—in eight weeks," she said.

"He didn't think I would, so he thought he was safe."

But Lorna was determined to become a ski instructor.

First, she tackled the learning - German problem with private tuition in London.

That was too slow, so she went to Germany.

She joined a language class for tourists in Munich. Two weeks later she was the only one of the 30 students to get an "A" in an examination.

"I think there was some surprise and confusion when I turned up for the course," Lorna said.

But, having arrived, she stayed for the two-year course.

The Instructors' School is run by the Austrian Government, and is conducted at St. Christoph a/Arberg, Obergurgl, and Innsbruck University.

For the two seasons Lorna lived at St. Anton. She travelled each day to Galzig,



**AUSTRIAN Ski Instructor's badge, held by Victorian Lorna Clarke. Staatlich Geprüfter — the words around the badge—mean examined by the Government. Schiilehrer — across the bottom—means ski instructor.**

and skied from there to St. Christoph.

As well as the "instructing" part of the course she learnt advanced mountain and rock-climbing, glacier work, rescue procedures, and first-aid.

She says she's brought to Australia new methods of summing up a skier's talent, short-cuts in teaching an adaptable pupil, and more specialised ways of training.

These new techniques were developed by Professor Stephen Kruckenhauser, of Innsbruck University, whom the Austrians call the "Father of Ski-ing."

He took thousands of photographs of skiers from the slopes and from the air, and—by studying the pictures—evolved his teaching method.

Before she left one of the professors told her: "You are the first—and the last—Australian who will hold this

badge, so make good use of it."

When Lorna first started on her travels she was intent on climbing in the fashion world—not in the Austrian Alps.

In London she made gowns under Nina Ricci and Pierre Balmain labels for the famous Top Ten group of couturiers, re-creating the models from photographs of the Paris originals.

She worked from her flat at Streatham Hill for three years.

"It was a very well-paying proposition, because I could fix my own price," she said.

But Lorna finally decided to go to Austria.

"It was to realise a childhood ambition I have never lost; to be able to teach something to somebody," she said.

### Snow fashions

In Australia she plans to combine her two careers.

Lorna makes her own ski-wear. In fact, she's made all her clothes since she was 12.

"Some of the fashions you see on the skiers are very surprising," she said.

"This last season brought out the furriest of fur hats and the naggiest one-piece elasticised ski-suits."

"Colors are currently sombre—cinnamon, beige, olive-green—with touches of flamingo, shocking pink, cherry, and other eye-catchers picking out some point of high fashion in the outfit."

Lorna has a warning for dress-conscious skiers: "To go out on the slopes wearing a peaked cap or socks outside your ski-pants is way out of style."



**LORNA CLARKE waxing skis she brought home. The cap she wears is fashionable at European resorts.**



**There's NO demand for the dumb blonde;  
men want attractive, wage-earning wives**

# HER 7000 HAPPY MARRIAGES

● When sleek blonde Barbara Jenner raised her champagne glass at a party in her Regent's Park (London) home last month the toast was simply: "To 7000 happy marriages."

FOR 44-year-old Barbara Jenner is the founder and owner of London's oldest and most successful marriage bureau.

With her husband—"Life-manship" author Stephen Potter—she threw the party to celebrate the bureau's 21st birthday.

"I'm a romantic," she said. "I believe in marriage for love. I've seen 14,000 people happily settled, and I do mean happily; we know of only seven divorces."

Miss Jenner started the bureau with £50 and the help of a friend, Mary Oliver, in a Bond Street attic in 1939.

Her aim was to find wives for the dozens of lonely tea-plantation owners she'd met while visiting Ceylon.

The bureau was an immediate success.

A stream of rich clients seeking marriage partners climbed the stairs to Marriages Ltd. They paid £5/5/- each to be registered, and another 20 guineas on marriage.

## He sought a bride at 84

In two months the bureau had scored their first engagement, had a list of hundreds of clients, and had to move to larger offices.

Eighty people now climb the stairs each week to Miss Jenner's three interviewing rooms, and her staff of 10 tick off 30 marriages a week.

What sort of people go to a marriage bureau?

Not cranks, social misfits, or disappointed spinsters—just ordinary people.

Plumbers, peers, Members of Parliament, millionaires (there is one on the books right now), charladies, clergymen, chimney-sweeps, a professional footballer, an ex-nun, and 36 lawyers.

The youngest was 18. The oldest so far was an 84-year-old retired butler from the north of England.

"I introduced him to a widow of 82, and they send me a Christmas card each year to say how happy they are," said Miss Jenner.

"Of course, if a client doesn't like the first introduction we try again."

## From ELSA BARKER, in London

"One hard-to-please ex-Land Army girl met 96 men in eight years."

"Just as I was about to give up, a sergeant-major walked into the office. I gave him her address, and got a letter from her two months later telling me it was love at first sight, and they had just been married."

"However, most clients are suited by the fourth or fifth attempt."

The more precise a client is in his wants the more Miss Jenner likes him.

One man wanted a 5ft. 5in.-tall girl, interested in music, with a 38in. bust, 26in. waist, and 36in. hips.

His wife? An attractive ballet teacher.

Men clients average 34 years and girls average 27.

The trend is for more and more young folk to go to the bureau every year.

"London is packed with girls from the provinces who find the city a lonely place, and they come to us for help," said Miss Jenner.

"Men between 20 and 30 generally ask for girls of their own age," she said.

"Between 30 and 40 they want a woman 10 to 15 years their junior."

"At 50 they ask for someone 20 years younger."

"It is not until they are nearing 60 that they feel they would like a partner about their own age again."

## Partner tastes have changed

Girls usually want a partner four or five years older than they are.

"I'm having difficulty finding a wife for a 26-year-old engineer," said Miss Jenner.

"He's attractive, rich, setting up his own business, but most girls think he's a bit young to be secure."

Tastes in husbands and wives have changed considerably since the bureau opened its doors.

"Just pre-war, glamor was the first thing a man looked for and girls didn't care about the future if a man could provide for the present," said Miss Jenner.

"By 1946 eight out of 10



FOUNDER of London's oldest marriage bureau, Barbara Jenner interviews a young husband-seeker.

## Five hints for husband-seekers

● Marriage bureau chief Barbara Jenner gives this advice to girls who are seeking a husband:

- DON'T be too forward. Men are put off by a woman saying, "We get along so well together, let's get married."
- DON'T make yourself appear dumber than you are. Men despise the "I-can't-boil-an-egg" line.
- DON'T be a clinging vine.
- DON'T lie about your age.
- DON'T try to put on an act.

Next most desirable are nurses.

"Ten years ago men thought nurses were too bossy to marry. Now men think nursing is a good job, as a girl can do it part-time after they are married," said Miss Jenner.

Naturally among all the thousands who have sought partners in Bond Street there have been a few odd types.

## He asked for four wives

There was a Mohammedan who wanted four wives to take back to Persia with him and a girl who wanted to live with a gipsy in a caravan.

"One highly intelligent woman from a wealthy family would not consider marrying any man unless he was from the working class," said Miss Jenner.

She said her first husband was a working man, and she was so happy with him she could never marry any other than a man from the same environment.

it's easy to find a husband for a domesticated girl.

"But it's no good a girl putting on an act," she warned.

"The modern young man knows as much about house-keeping and cooking as a woman."

## Men look for these qualities

A few of the other requirements the modern young man wants are:

- Loyalty;

- Good health;
- Dress sense;
- Pretty legs;
- Well-kept hands.

Nowadays knowing things like ballet and art improves a girl's chances.

Her score will go up 70 per cent. if she specifies that she likes good music.

Jobs make a difference, too. Secretaries go like hot cakes—men feel they couldn't hold the job if they weren't capable and tactful.



SUMMER COMFORT WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!



## Cool down and relax IN SWISS VENTILATED COTTON

A man likes his comfort—so don't be surprised if the men in your life go for these cool-as-a-breeze Sports Shirts by Country Club in a BIG way! There's never been anything to equal Country Club's new air-weave collection!

15 different 'Sheerline' and 'Airmesh' weaves—each chosen for style, strength and sophistication. Sports Shirts of wondrous comfort, in a profusion of weaves, patterns and colours.

With short sleeves, from 55/9. With long sleeves, from 59/9.



September 4th

**Father Knows the Best—  
Give him Country Club**



**SPORTS SHIRTS**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1964



# Valentina: Maid from Spain

## She's one of the family now

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● All 29 children agreed it was a terrific party; one of the best they could remember — and that Spanish girl Valentina, gee, she was massive; a beaut.

NO doubt that the children—aged from 8 to 12—fell hard for 28-year-old Valentina Hernandez Exposito, of Santa Cruz, Tenerife, Spain.

Hadn't she made a lovely picture of the party table, with clusters of hand-made pink paper roses at every corner?

Hadn't she made and dressed, in native Spanish costumes, a tiny doll for every little girl present?

And hadn't she made them all curl up with uncontrollable giggling at her funny attempts to speak English?

"What I appreciated even more," said Mrs. Averil Fink, who gave the party for her children at her new home at Middle Cove, N.S.W., "is that Valentina waited on the table and cleaned up beautifully after the party was over."

"Valentina has made such a difference to our lives since she came to us six weeks ago. She's now like one of the family."

That is how all the Finks — Elizabeth, 7, Averil, 9, Thomas, 11, Mrs. Fink, and Mr. Thomas Fink, who's a reader in aeronautics at Sydney University — regard their new domestic help from the Spanish Canary Islands.

Black-haired, black-eyed Valentina is one of a group of girls brought to Australia by the Catholic Federal Immigration Bureau.

She finds everything about Australia and Australians "Magnifico!"

While Mrs. Fink is at work lecturing at the university, Valentina takes charge of the house.

She does the cleaning, the washing, the ironing, the family's sewing and mending, and looks after the children at night if Mr. and Mrs. Fink are out.

### Family treats

In return, she lives in, is paid £6 a week, shares all the family treats—picnics, theatre outings, and has a part in University social life.

"The only thing she doesn't do for us is the cooking," said Mrs. Fink.

"I'm teaching her that," piped up 11-year-old Thomas.

"When I get home from school we open tins, and I read the recipes and instructions to her and show her what to do. I make a good omelet, and I'm teaching Valentina to make them."

"She's coming along nicely," he added, with a wink at Valentina, who winked back.

What about the language barrier?

"We're all teaching each

other," Thomas said. "Every evening Mummy gets out her old school text-books, a teach-yourself-Spanish book, and magazines, and they teach each other words and phrases."

"A lot of Spanish words are like English and Latin, and we get on O.K., don't we, Valentina?"

Valentina nodded.

Thomas was slightly contemptuous of his sisters' efforts at English-Spanish conversation.

"They end up giggling when they try to talk to her," he explained. The girls and Valentina went into giggles again.

"Valentina," said Mrs. Fink, "comes from a tourist area. Tourists flock there to buy the exquisite hand-made lace and embroidery. In most families Mother does the cooking, while all the daughters in the household spend their time embroidering and lace-making to supplement the family income."

### Proud people

"The girls don't get time to learn to cook, and, anyway, most of the families are so poor there isn't much food to cook. But the people are very proud and won't take charity."

"When Valentina arrived she had very few clothes with



**SCHOOLBOY** Thomas Fink gives Valentina a cooking lesson. Valentina, domestic help at the Fink home, is wearing one of the finely embroidered aprons she brought from the Canary Isles.

her. What she had she had made exquisitely, but she had only a couple of suits and dresses, so I insisted on her having some of my clothes."

"But she wouldn't accept them unless I accepted from her some of the hand-made embroidered aprons she had brought with her, and now she cannot do enough for me."

"The other night I came in and found she'd spent almost three hours pressing an evening dress for me. It has yards and yards of material in it, but she had done the job beautifully."

"Everything she does she does thoroughly, and doesn't waste a thing."

"Apart from the fact that she's a very good worker, Valentina has done our family a lot of good by making us see the things we took for granted through new eyes."

"There is so much poverty in her country that she thinks the simplest things — our clothes, food, homes — are luxurious."

"She has already made my husband and me feel that we have much to be thankful for, and made us more appreciative of the things we have."

"It's a joy to take Valentina window-gazing in town, or sightseeing. She's as excited as a child about everything."

"We're going to a Spanish-speaking hairstylist next week to get her hair done."

Coming from a land of tropical fruit and brilliant sunshine, Valentina is looking forward to her first Australian summer, but she still cannot get used to the idea of wearing a bathing-suit. They are frowned on by "nice" girls in Spain.

### No bikinis

"I think we have managed to persuade her that bathing-suits are permissible for respectable girls here, but she flatly refuses to consider a bikini," said Mrs. Fink.

How did they find Valentina?

Said Mr. Fink: "I saw a news item about Spanish girls arriving in Melbourne a few months ago and I got in touch

with the Immigration Committee."

"They are naturally particular about the homes the girls go to, but promised us we could have a girl from the next group of arrivals."

"Within three days of arriving in Australia Valentina was working for us."

"The girls are free to leave their employers whenever they wish, but, naturally, we are doing all we can to make Valentina want to stay with us."

"I understand that the average time New Australian domestics stay with any one family is six months. Perhaps we'll be luckier."

Said Mrs. Fink: "I'm resigned to losing her eventually through marriage. She says in her country 28 is past the marrying age. But that's nonsense here."

"Look how pretty she is. Of course, she'll get married in the end. But if she marries some nice Australian boy, we won't mind too much."

**ENGLISH-SPANISH lesson for all three.** Valentina Hernandez Exposito with Elizabeth and Averil Fink.





# From BLONDE to BRUNETTE with . . .



• *Here's the latest news in beauty: To-day (if she wants to) a woman can change her face as often as she changes her dress.*

**TWO-FACED** LOOK of the modern beauty: Sydney model Ingrid Barr is a pretty blonde (above). With the help of "facial accessories," she's an exotic brunette.

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**IN PROFILE**, Ingrid shows how the addition of a little putty can change the usual shape (dotted line) of her nose. Pictures are by Adelle Hurley, staff photographer.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1960





# .... the FALSE LOOK

AFTER all, a face is just a basic set of features—like a basic dress. And now there's a whole series of "facial accessories" to help create a brand-new you.

It is extremely chic (overseas, anyway) to look as unlike yourself as possible.

But how?

With skin tints and putty and eyeshadow and colored contact lenses and eyeliner pencils and false eyelashes and fake eyebrows and toothpaint and hair-pieces and wigs.

Take, for example, the transformation of Ingrid Barr. Helped by Sydney beauty expert Mrs. Bijou Kaye, Ingrid became an exotic brunette, then a ravishing redhead.

She began by bravely removing all her usual make-up, which left a nicely arranged set of basic features.

First, her fair skin had to be darkened. No one wanted to be drastic about it, so Mrs. Kaye used an olive-toned pancake base.

There is, however, a new chemical skin-tanning preparation on the market. You simply splatter yourself with the stuff (it looks like water) and, in some hours, a tan appears.

If Ingrid had any deep wrinkles or lines on her face they could have been smoothed away—with putty.

NOT household putty; a special make-up variety. It's in stick-form and should be used like a heavy pancake base.

You can also camouflage a bumpy nose with the putty by stroking it on till it forms a thick layer.

We did try to straighten Ingrid's retroussé nose. This was not an improvement. We spent the next 10 minutes peeling the putty off again.

So her nose stayed retroussé. And her eyes stayed blue. But she could have had brown ones, because colored contact lenses have arrived on the beauty scene.

Mrs. Kaye streaked on eyeshadow and eyeliner pencil. Then she took a pair of false eyelashes, glued the edges, and flicked them into place.

Ingrid's eyelids began to droop with the weight. But she soon got used to it and peered out from under the lashes like Theda Bara junior.

From another little box Mrs. Kaye produced fake eyebrows (very fake, with hairs about two inches long stuck

on to a base at the inner edge). She glued these on, too.

Since a false mouth is hardly practical, Ingrid just used lipstick. And, unfortunately, since her teeth are good, we didn't have to whiten them with toothpaint.

(Some models have been known to paint their teeth with pearl-white nail varnish. However, dentists do NOT recommend this.)

For the final touch we added a shaggy black wig. And voila! The new Ingrid Barr.

European fashion dictators say wigs are in.

If you want to be decidedly noticeable, colored wigs are manufactured. But they're really just for fun. I tried on a sea-green model—it was made of yak's hair—but I looked like a refugee mermaid.

But there are blond, brunette, and auburn wigs made of real hair. Some of them cost £35. They are quite accepted overseas—for example, opera star Maria Callas owns about 40.

"The emphasis is on the hair," says Sydney businessman Roger Mulot. After a quick trip abroad he came home with fascinating reports of the change in the feminine face of Europe.

"I saw two young girls in a Paris terrace cafe. Their hair-styles were about a foot high. One was bright red and the other was bright blue.

"The girls are using wigs or hair-pieces for added effect. The false is blended with the real hair."

Mr. Mulot brought back a couple of the latest hats—hats with real hair attached "to wear when a woman's own hair is not presentable."

But Mr. Mulot has a warning. "All this can go to extremes," he said, as he described the very latest look.

It's called "Toulouse-Lautrec," and is the new trend in "art" make-up.

By this time Ingrid was immune to any cosmetic eccentricity. So she drew on the Toulouse-Lautrec curly line, like a question-mark, at the outer corners of her eyes. Then she added a high blond wig, topped with a flowing sheer scarf and a flower.

Mr. Mulot surveyed the result. "Rather droll," he said. Which—for a man—is probably a restrained comment at that.

by DAWN JAMES



• For the beach, plaits



Turban, plus wig



• Cloche, plus chignon



• "Toulouse-Lautrec"



**SANDRA DEE** who co-stars with Lana Turner  
in Universal-International's romantic drama **"PORTRAIT IN BLACK"**  
a Ross Hunter production in Eastmancolor



# SANDRA DEE LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries  
it beautifies

thick and creamy...  
blessed with lanolin! needs no after-rinse!  
of course, it leaves hair more manageable!



BUY THE BIG SIZES  
AND SAVE MONEY

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

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FATHER



MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE  
"Mum, look at the time! Hadn't you better start yelling at us to hurry up or we'll be late for school?"

## It seems to me

**BRISBANE'S** Dean Baddeley must be wondering whether his visit to the races was worth the stir it created. He must be heartily sick of the subject by now.

I liked his comment, reported in one newspaper, on the suggestion (made by some supporters) that he could bring more people into the Church by mingling with racecourse crowds.

The Dean said, "I don't know about that. It's not my method of approach. I went to the races simply for recreation and with no other motive."

Whether or not churchmen should attend races is a matter outside my field of argument. But there are some qualities which are admirable in all human beings.

They are the ability to think honestly without self-delusion and to express those thoughts without being mealy-mouthed.

The Dean seems to fill that bill.

★ ★ ★

**ON** the subject of racing, I have received a few kind inquiries about my own progress.

Failing to match the Dean's prowess — five winners in an afternoon — I soon passed out of the novice punter stage and began to retire into the secretiveness which is characteristic of those with more experience.

Novices, when asked, "How'd you do on Saturday?" say things like, "Oh, good. I only lost 15 shillings."

It doesn't take you long to reach Stage Two, that of the fairly regular punter who says either "Not bad" or "Not good."

Nobody asks real addicts, of course. It is tactless.

Anyhow, it soon became apparent that it was a choice between races every Saturday or some new summer clothes. But there may be a relapse.

★ ★ ★

**NOT** long ago a younger colleague said to me, "But girls didn't wear shorts before the war, did they?"

"Oh, rubbish," I answered with a heat engendered by the suggestion that the nineteen-thirties were a lavender-and-old-lace period.

I produced as evidence some picnic snapshots showing shorts about eight inches shorter than the current Bermudas.

Last week, reading Jack Pollard's entertaining book about tennis, "Advantage Receiver," I found an anecdote that sets a date for official acceptance of shorts on courts.

In 1935, a couple of years after women players had begun to appear on the court without stockings, Helen Jacobs wrote to the All-England Club from America to ask whether shorts were allowed at Wimbledon.

She enclosed a photograph. Officials showed it to Queen Mary (a consistent Wimbledon fan), who said: "They look very attractive, don't they?"

"With this Royal sanction," writes Jack Pollard, "Miss Jacobs' shorts were admitted."

By



Dorothy Dean

**MR. THOMAS** CRONIN, the butler who left Kensington Palace in a blaze of discreet publicity, was, at time of going to press, still out of employment. Very likely he will follow a well-established tradition and write his reminiscences.

He has managed, by various hints, to give the impression that Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones was a difficult employer who wanted to run the household instead of leaving the job to the butler.

Mr. Armstrong-Jones, as Princess Margaret's husband, cannot reply. Though his life has not been entirely devoid of butlers, he moved in less formal circles before his marriage and my sympathies are with him.

The incident reminded me of the film based on Daphne du Maurier's novel "Rebecca."

After many years the most chilling incident that stays in my mind is the young second wife's encounter with the intimidating housekeeper, Mrs. Danvers.

Mrs. Danvers, icy with mock subservience, asked Madam to choose the menu for that night's dinner. The girl made a nervous suggestion for a meat course.

Yes, said Mrs. Danvers, she would tell cook; then added, with a triumphant glance, "And what sauce would Madam like?"

★ ★ ★

**FROM** a sporting-page report on Olympic prospects: "Dawn Fraser says she has no intention of retiring after the Games, even though she is 22."

When middle-age depresses,  
Wake up, be cheerful, you!  
Fast fall the shades of evening  
On Dawn at twenty-two.

★ ★ ★

**ADDRESSING** a luncheon given by a confectionery manufacturers, British Cabinet Minister Mr. John Hare suggested that the trade devise a silent wrapping for sweets at the theatre.

Peanuts at the circus,  
Lollies at the flicks,  
Ice-cream by the bucket,  
Chocolate-wrapped, on sticks.  
Scrabble, scrunch, and crackle,  
Wrappings on the floor.  
Hush — here comes the villain,  
Gun in hand, at door.  
Noise, it's really awful,  
Can't enjoy the show,  
Thousands found the answer,  
Stayed at home, and so,  
Glued in front of telly,  
Find themselves release,  
Thrilling to the drama,  
Chew away in peace.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1961



# HOMES



● "Cantala," the lovely modern home of Mr. and Mrs. Damien Miller at Alice Springs, sprawls as a long-legged "L" among green and white gums near the base of rust-colored Mount Gillen. Designed by architect Brian Vogt, the house is muted olive-grey-green like the gums, has a latticed-brick wall at the entrance off the driveway, and covers 29 squares. Despite its city comforts, it has a feeling of "belonging" to The Centre.



LEFT: Easterly aspect for the back of the house looking out on Mt. Gillen. Here Mrs. Miller, Helen, 11, and the 6-year-old twins, Jacinta and Paul, enjoy the morning sun. Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

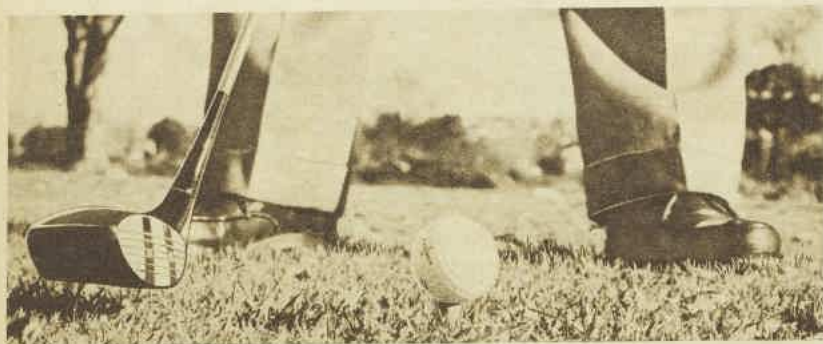
ABOVE: City-style kitchen, but bigger than most, has a long L-shaped breakfast bar, yellow walls, a natural wood ceiling. It is separated from the extensive dining-room and living-room area by a tall divider of shelves.





OVER 35?

# It's 4-to-1 you don't get enough exercise!



No! say doctors, that weekend round of golf is not enough to keep you fit!

**M**AYBE you play grade tennis . . . or handicap golf . . . or swim a couple of miles each weekend. It's not enough say doctors, to compensate for a sit-down job all week. If you're like four men out of five, headachy tiredness and half-health will keep you below par.

The reason four out of five men over 35 need more exercise lies in the food we eat to-day!

If we ate the same food as grandfather, we would need little exercise to stay fit, because Nature puts a "safety device" in normal food. It is "bulk."

## Nature's "bulk"

This "bulk" is designed to keep our internal muscles fit and active, to grip waste matter and move it through the system. But, to-day's food often lacks this bulk! It is soft, highly refined, often over processed. By the time it reaches us, the "safety device" is missing.

With nothing to grip, our intestinal muscles grow flabby, the system becomes clogged, and we suffer from the distressing symptoms of irregularity.

## Three answers

There are three possible ways to compensate for this lack of "bulk" in to-day's diet:

**One:** Vigorous exercises every day, to aid the internal muscles in their work. For most busy men, this exercise isn't always possible and in many cases it could be dangerous.

**Two:** Medicines or laxatives. This can also cause harm, because laxatives are unnatural. In fact, the magazine of the British Medical Association issued a warning on this subject, which was distributed to doctors and clinics:

"The constant use of purgatives may do more harm than good. 'Remedies' of this type, by irritating and paralyzing the bowels, may actually cause constipation."

This fact was known in A.D.100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since.

If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals,

For men who don't get enough exercise — All-Bran made by Kellogg's.

fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise, will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

**Three:** The obvious way is to work with Nature, not against it, by putting Nature's "bulk" back into your diet.

## Replacing the bulk.

In no other food is "bulk" so ideally found as in Bran—the outer layers of whole grain wheat. Kellogg's process and shred this bran into a delicious breakfast cereal flavoured with malt, sugar, and salt. Its name is All-Bran.

Sprinkle it over your present cereal, or enjoy it by itself with milk and sugar.

Gently but firmly, your internal muscles will respond to All-Bran's natural bulk. Your system will function again, the way Nature intended.

Besides its "bulk", All-Bran is rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorous, Niacin and Iron. It's a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one!

No need to take extra exercise. No need to give up your favourite foods. For new health and fitness, take advantage of Kellogg's promise to you.

Enjoy delicious, nut sweet All-Bran for ten days and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you're not completely satisfied, send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and double your money will be gladly refunded.



All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Limited. K6

# WORTH REPORTING

"I LIKE good popular music well performed," said visiting American concert pianist Grant Johannesen.

"Any artist would take off his hat to the best negro jazz musicians."

"But rock-'n-roll and the pop 'classics' just weaken the cause of popular music. Which reminds me of a story told me by a friend who works behind a record counter."

"A customer came in for a record of Frank Sinatra singing 'Tonight We Love,' which is taken from one of Tchaikovsky's concertos."

"The assistant explained that the record was out of stock, but asked the customer if he would like to hear a record of Arthur Rubinstein playing the concerto from which the song was cribbed."

"The customer listened to the recording."

"Quite nice," he agreed. "But I think, if you don't mind, I'll wait for the original!"

At the moment, Grant Johannesen is on a 15 weeks' tour for the A.B.C.

This time, he's travelling alone. But sometimes, on concert tours, his admirers are surprised and impressed by the way a 14-year-old bodyguard looks after him.

This boy stands outside the dressing-room. Politely but firmly he shoos visitors away when the concert pianist is tired.

The young protector is Mr. Johannesen's son David.

David is now at boarding-school in Boston. But, says his father, "whenever concert commitments do not clash with school term, we travel together."

**NOT-VERY-GOOD** swimmers will quite understand this sad little cry from a 10-year-old. She wrote in to an English magazine: "I read your article 'Learning to Swim can be Fun.' I think so, too. But when I tried to float like a cork, I could not."

"Can you tell me why?"



GRANT JOHANNESSEN . . . jazz, but certainly not rock-'n-roll.

A VAGUE friend was telling us about a cocktail party she went to the other evening. "Very crowded," she said. "I kept bumping into people."

"Once, I shoved something . . . so I looked up, saw this rather smart woman, and apologised. Then I thought, 'I know that face' . . . I'd bumped into a full-length mirror."

## The golfers are cowed

IF you happen to hear a golfer moaning because a cow ate his golf ball, don't scoff.

It's probably true.

Some cows in Lincolnshire, England, have developed a taste for golf balls. And you know how these faddy diets spread.

Apparently — unlike some golfers — the Lincolnshire cows have an uncanny instinct for knowing where the balls are going to land and getting there first.

And it's impossible to bully the cows into a less expensive diet.

The Lincolnshire golfers tried. They filled decoy balls with mustard and pepper. But the cows demolished the "soft-centred" delicacies with gourmet-like enjoyment.

## Tuesday sums up men

SILENCE, please, for year-old Miss Tuesday Weld. She's one of Hollywood's favorite child-wo (statistics: 36-19-35) starlet.

At the time of this particular interview, Tuesday was home, in bed.

She practically always gives interviews in bed, wears blue jeans and lying comfortably.

Tuesday wriggled her under-the-lavender sheets and remarked, "I go out every night."

"Often with a different man. I find it rather interesting to switch my men about."

"It's said that I only go with older men."

"While it's true I find men in their fifties invigorating and intriguing companions, I not restrict myself to this group . . ."

"NO?" said one of the porters.

"No. I often go out with boys in their twenties and thirties," she said.

"I don't mind how old men companions are, as long as they are stimulating company. I like men to be fond and ambitious and intelligent . . ."

Help.



TUESDAY WELD . . . older men she finds intriguing.

# YOUR BOOKSHELF with Joyce Halstead

## "The Edifice"

Thea Hush (New Authors Limited).

A large block of harborside flats on one of Sydney's "peninsula suburbs" provides a good deal of the setting for this intense study of human relationships. Here live the Wilders, Rose and Peg, and their daughter Kate. The "edifice" of the story, as narrated by their friend John, has been built by Ross Wilder around the infidelities of his wife, so that to the outside world it is he who appears the more unfaithful one. For love of Peg he bears the blame, but it is the curse of Kate and her retaliation by marrying a man whom he dislikes intensely which finally breaks him. The Sydney high summer scene is handled well in this first novel by an Australian living in England. The style is somewhat self-conscious and the dialogue often naive, but there is a certain delicacy about the story which has appeal.

Review copy from Angus and Robertson.

## "Diplomatic Courier"

Michael O'Brien-Twohig (Elek).

A former Superintending Queen's Foreign Service Messenger has had a wealth of material to draw upon for his book. When first appointed as a Diplomatic Courier during the war he was based at Miami, whence he did South American runs, often arriving unwittingly in the midst of revolutions. He later operated from Washington, where he met many personalities, including Donald McLean, who defected to Russia and his wife—"an apparently charming couple."

At the end of his Messenger career the author had chalked up 10,000 hours of flying-time and covered a distance of two million miles—and obviously never lost bag. Queen's Messengers who lose bags almost always get the sack.



# Mother Dominic:

## A most unusual

● Have you ever met a nun who uses lipstick, has her hair permed, whose clothes look as if she has just stepped out of a page of a fashion magazine? . . .

● A nun who goes to the opera and the theatre, who counts among her friends party-giver Elsa Maxwell and film star Linda Darnell? . . .

# NUN

By  
SUSAN VADNAI  
in Rome



THIS most unusual nun is Mother Dominic Ramacciotti, a charming Italo-American in her late fifties, who was authorised by the late Pope Pius XII to do these things.

But, make no mistake, she is still a nun in the full sense of the word, observing vows of chastity, obedience, and poverty.

If she has been, exceptionally and temporarily, authorised to live and behave like a woman of the world, it is only because she is engaged in an experiment in Catholic education.

Mother Dominic runs a college in Rome for orphan girls which proposes to turn out efficient and sophisticated children's governesses, hostesses, private secretaries, housekeepers, receptionists.

She wants her girls not only to get good jobs and good salaries when they finish school, but also to be able to move with ease and confidence among the upper crust.

The Catholic Church is preparing a kind of charming God's Fifth Column which, having received a solid moral and religious grounding, will operate and exercise a good in-

fluence among the aristocracy, the snobs, the cosmopolitans, the very rich.

Mother Dominic's pupils, when she has finished with them, will be able to speak English and French (besides their native Italian), arrange flowers, decorate a table, sing, play the piano, distinguish a Van Gogh from a Picasso, and make witty drawing-room conversation.

### Set example

To give them this type of education and to create the right sort of atmosphere, Mother Dominic had to set the example.

In a more sophisticated way she is following the example of Monsignor Carroll-Abbing, founder of the Boys' Republic at Civitavecchia, north of Rome.

In the Boys' Republic, urchins collected from the streets are taught a trade or profession.

They are also taught self-government. They hold elections, have a mayor (one of the boys), and their own currency — the money they have earned by study or working, which is spent in shops they run.

Film star Linda Darnell one day asked Monsignor Carroll-Abbing why he didn't estab-



lish a similar centre for Italian orphan girls. At the same time she offered her villa in a Rome suburb as a home for the first Rome Girls' Town.

Monsignor Carroll-Abbing then had to choose the right leader. He thought at once of the daughter of an old

friend who was one of the first to contribute to the Boys' Republic. The daughter is Mother Dominic.

She was born in Maryland, U.S.A., of a family of wealthy Italian migrants.

She entered the Order of Notre Dame, graduated in

**TWO FACES of Mother Dominic.** Framed in the coil of the Order of Notre Dame (top) and with her hair softly permed as she mingles with pupils at art class in the gardens of her Rome Girls' Town.

philosophy at the Washington University, taught in high schools in New York, Boston, Baltimore, and Washington, then became principal of the Notre Dame College, Baltimore.

To meet Mother Dominic is an experience. When she received me in the Girls' Town, she was dressed in a perfectly tailored suit, wore high-heeled shoes, and her face was very well made up.

The surroundings helped, too. The gay, light walls were decorated with reproductions of paintings by Degas, Picasso, Giotto, and Van Gogh. On tables were Italian, English, and American illustrated magazines, including "Vogue" and "Harper's Bazaar."

There were flowers everywhere. I asked Mother Dominic how she felt in civilian clothes.

"At first I felt very, very funny," she said. "I started by wearing my sister's dresses and had to learn all over again to walk and move in them."

"After a time it became quite natural."

Mother Dominic said the girls' education included languages, music, art, teaching, child care, psychology, sport.

"More than that," she said, "the structure of Girls' Town is planned so that its citizens develop a deep-seated sense of responsibilities and the female virtues. The aim is to be up to every situation in life, and to be first in their professions."

"But you had better see for yourself."

The girls were full of bounce. They were well dressed in clothes they made with material bought in their own shop with their own currency earned by study or work in the house.

At present the Girls' Town houses only 36 girls, who are being trained to become governesses.

Mother Dominic plans to enlarge the college by 12 new pupils a year and also to start new courses for hostesses, receptionists, secretaries, and housekeepers.

## FLOWER SHOW PRIZES

● History — with emphasis on early Sydney — will be the theme of the floral show which the Royal Horticultural Society of New South Wales will hold in the Lower Town Hall on October 6, 7, and 8 during Sydney's Waratah Festival.



**FIRST-PRIZE group exhibit in last year's decorative floral competition, entered by the Strathfield Home Garden Club.**

First prize in the section, 50 guineas and a gold plaque.

Second prize, 25 guineas and a silver plaque.

Third prize, 12 guineas and a bronze plaque.

Fourth prize, 10 guineas and a gunmetal plaque.

The Australian Women's Weekly will also give 20 guineas for the best individual

decorative piece among the group entries.

Each entry will be allotted space 10ft. by 2ft. 6in. There is no limit in height for the exhibits.

Entries should be sent to Mr. G. Parkes (WW1156), secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, 508 Twin Road, North Ryde, by September 23.

THE theme of the entire 1960 Waratah Festival is "Historical Events."

Once again The Australian Women's Weekly will give prizes for a decorative floral competition open to all affiliated societies of the society.

The prizes will be presented to winners during the Festival.

In competing for them, societies may choose six decorative units from these

9 classes of flower arrangements:

1, For a foyer; 2, foliage; 3, roses; 4, basket of roses (stems to be in water); 5, informal; 6, mixed flowers; 7, for a dining table (stems to be in water); 8, showing Eastern influence; 9, depicting a N.S.W. historic event.

Any embellishments are permissible in all the decorative classes.

Prizes will be increased this year as follows:

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1960





*Something heavenly has just come down to earth!*

Feather-light, fashion-right Revelry Bras and Skippies Girdles . . . newest creations by Formfit-merica, enchantingly styled to make you even lovelier. Heavenly new elegance is yours . . . bewitching, figure-flattering Formfit-merica foundations have come to earth for you!

**"Revelry" Multi-way Bra 370.** In drip-dry poplin with embroidered nylon cups. Detachable, adjustable straps . . . wear Multi-way in your choice of five exciting ways! A, 32-36; B, 32-38; C, 32-38 . . . **38/6**

**"Revelry" Multi-way Bra 390.** In long line styling. B, 32-38; C, 32-40; D, 32-42 . . . **52/6**  
Bra prices slightly lower in South Australia.

**"Skippies" Girdle 982.** Cleverly styled in nylon elastic. Features figure-smoothing nylon lace over satin front panel and lightly boned 2½" non-roll ribbed elastic waistband. New elastic seam curves over hips and back to give the new natural line. Small, Medium or Large **79/11**

**"Skippies" Pantie Girdle 882.** Small, Medium or Large **89/11**

WONDERFUL WONDERFUL BRAS AND GIRDLES BY

**formfit - merica**

SOLD BY LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 24, 1961





SISTER ELIZABETH SCHIPP and Mrs. Pamela Parkin, of Duveich Hill, study the electronic graph of baby Guy Parkin, whose pre-natal heartbeats were recorded by the "baby heart throb" monitor.

## Sister to operate lifesaver for babies

● Sister Elizabeth Schipp, of Sydney's King George V Memorial Hospital, is the first nursing sister in the world to be appointed to operate an electronic machine which is saving many babies' lives.

THE machine, the only one in the world outside Yale University, records the heartbeat of an unborn baby up to 20 weeks before its birth, and can detect abnormal conditions during birth.

The machine, the Hon Fetal Monitor, caused a stir when it was installed and demonstrated at King George V a year ago by its inventor, Professor Edward Hon, Professor of Obstetrics and Gynaecology at Yale University Medical School.

Sister Schipp, who has spent most of her nursing life in obstetrics, was chosen as the Fetal Monitor's operator from more than 100 applicants.

The professors of Sydney University and the matron of King George V Hospital, who chose her, were impressed by her sincere interest in research, and particularly by her "amazing mechanical sense."

### Full record

Sister Schipp, who began her new duties two weeks ago, said the "baby heart throb" had already been responsible for saving babies' lives or preventing damage to the brain in difficult confinements.

She said the machine recorded everything the baby was doing during labor and revealed whether it would be necessary to remove it either by Caesarean section or by forceps earlier than normal.

Before the machine was installed, the baby's heart rate could not be fully recorded during the mother's labor, and abnormalities were often undetected until it was too late.

Even an electronic stethoscope could not be used to the same extent as the new

machine during labor, because it is applied externally.

The Fetal Monitor can be applied internally to the baby's head during birth, enabling the whole process of the birth to be recorded.

Constrictions which prevent oxygen reaching the child before and during its birth and causing brain damage can be detected early.

A doctor attached to the King George V maternity ward said: "In one case we were using the machine on a mother whose confinement we expected to be quite normal. However, when the baby's heartbeat was recorded on the machine as having dropped sharply from the average 130-140 to 78 we knew something must be wrong.

"We discovered the baby was in danger of being strangled by the umbilical cord and were able to deliver the baby by forceps, probably saving it from being still-born.

"So the machine helps us not only to save the baby's life but also to decide what method of delivery is safest. It can sometimes help us avoid an unnecessary Caesarean section or tell us when this method is essential to save the baby."

Professor Bruce T. Mayes, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Sydney University and a member of the council of the Post-Graduate Medical Foundation, was one of those responsible for urging the granting of more than £1000 a year towards the appointment of a sister to operate the machine.

Professor Mayes said: "With the aid of the Fetal Monitor the time is not far distant when we can expect a marked fall in infant mortality, cerebral palsy, and in the number of spastic children.

"Many of these conditions are caused through lack of oxygen to the brain either before or during birth, through damage by instruments, or through various conditions in the mother during confinement—such as toxemia or kidney disease.

"The Fetal Monitor will enable us to save precious time where such conditions exist.

"The machine at the King George V cost £6000 to install. Another will soon be installed in the Royal Hospital for Women at Paddington, and we hope that it will soon be possible to install simpler and cheaper versions of the machine in all maternity hospitals.

"In fact, a tiny transistor

machine, about the size of a cigar box, is already in prototype, and it may soon be possible to equip every general practitioner with one when dealing with maternity cases."

Sister Schipp was instructed in the use of the machine by Dr. Alan Bradfield, Superintendent of the King George V Hospital, who, with Dr. Bevan Reid, of the Queen Elizabeth II Research Institute, recently spent eight months at Yale University studying the machine.

Dr. John Newman, Senior Registrar at the Royal Hospital for Women, will soon go to Yale for the same purpose.

Their jobs will be to instruct other sisters in the operation of the "baby heart throb" machine when more are installed.

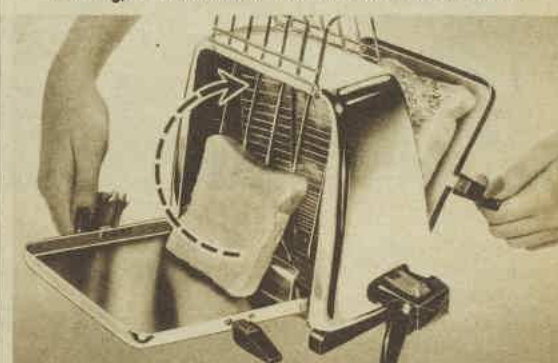


SISTER SCHIPP and a doctor study the graphs of baby heartbeats recorded on the Fetal Monitor.

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Crisp, golden, delicious toast — made in a few minutes any time you like — by the Hotpoint Deluxe. This streamlined beauty will grace any table... heavily chromed for easy cleaning, has heat resistant handles and non-scratch feet.



Bread toasts quickly and evenly in the Hotpoint Deluxe toaster — no burnt edges, no light patches. And when the sides are lowered, the toast turns over — automatically! You save time, bread and electricity!



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The neat rack on top keeps six slices of toast warm and ready. This Hotpoint Deluxe is the ideal gift... make a present of one to yourself as well.

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Page 15



# Spring Holiday is in the air...



Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor . . . everybody's thinking of holidays in the Spring. Put your luggage in your car and drive off to a wonderful island holiday in Tasmania.

Varied fishing, enchanting scenery, lakes and rivers amid fascinating old world spots that saw the dawn of our history are waiting for you. You'll travel "Searoad" of course . . . it's the perfect aperitif to a holiday.

It's as easy as crossing a bridge . . . drive on in Melbourne . . . off in Devonport! And, for passengers, there's comfort and service all the way with delicious meals, a

choice of well appointed accommodation and a relaxing smoke-room bar. Best of all, you'll find that, **with or without your car**, the "Princess" is the **cheapest**, most delightful way to travel.

## P.S. For Melbourne Cup visitors

Why not extend the Spring Racing Carnival with a Tasmanian tour via "Searoad". Write to the principal agents for the "Princess", Tasmanian Steamers Pty. Ltd., 59 William Street, Melbourne or contact any recognised travel agent for information and bookings.



Overnight to Tasmania by

# SEAROAD

(M.V. "Princess of Tasmania")

Owned by THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL LINE, operators of the "Princess of Tasmania" in a fleet of 45 Australian Ships.



# V.R.C. CENTENARY

● *The V.R.C. Centenary Melbourne Cup Carnival this year celebrates the hundredth anniversary of the race that halts a nation. It provides four exciting, sparkling days and the richest race in Australian history.*



**FLEMINGTON'S Saddling Paddock, where thousands throng to catch a glimpse of the horses in the final parade before a race. Top left: Grey toppers and morning suits are still part of the scene at Cup time.**

**T**HE carnival carries £94,100 prizemoney — £32,000 more than last year's Cup meeting. It opens with the Derby at Flemington on October 29, then the Melbourne Cup on November 1, the Oaks on November 3, and a final "Public Festival Day" on November 5.

Melbourne will be decked in its best—city streets festooned with lights, office buildings a blaze of window-boxes — and Flemington will have a prettier than ever spring facelift.

On Cup Day eight massed Highland bands will pipe the Governor-General, Lord Dunrossil, down the straight to the strains of "Scotland the Brave." The Southern Command Military Band will herald his arrival with the National Anthem.

As he leaves the course the Highland bands will pipe him up the straight with "Will Ye No Come Back Again?"

Meantime, for a little more than three minutes, millions of Australians will have seen or heard the 1960 Melbourne Cup.

The Melbourne Cup has seen fortunes won and lost, gallant horses beaten and game horses victorious against big odds, favorites the losers and despised outsiders the victors, dreams come true and dreams become will-o'-the-wisps.

It also has seen a jockey killed and other jockeys made for life, countless thousands spent in unsuccessful efforts to breed the winner, and a first-past-the-post horse bought for little more than £100.

In Archer's day, 100 years ago, prizemoney was £710, and it was "winner take all," the attendance totalled 400, and the race was put on by the Victoria Turf Club.

For the Centenary Cup the first-prize money will be £18,000, plus a gold cup valued at £750. Second past the post will win £4000, third £2000, and fourth £1000.

Attendance is expected to be at least 120,000. And the race will be put on by the Victoria Racing Club, as it has been since the Club took it over from the V.T.C. in 1864.

When Archer won, the race was run on a Thursday. It wasn't until 1875 that the first Tuesday in November was declared sacred to the Melbourne Cup.

When Archer won, the big race didn't rate a public holiday. It wasn't until 1865 it achieved this distinction.

Only three women owners have had the thrill of winning the Melbourne Cup—Mrs. E. A. Widdis with Patrobas in 1915, Mrs. A. Jamieson with Catalogue, 1938, and Mrs. J. J. Kitson with Skipton, 1941.

But women stand a chance of bettering their record in the Centenary Cup. They make up nearly 25 per cent. of the owners or part-owners of the 458 entries.

Among them are Lady Luxton, Lady Clarke, Mrs. W. M. Kellett, Mrs. Norman Petch, Miss Ann Raymond, daughter of V.R.C. committeeman Mr. H. G. Raymond, Mrs. T. J. Smith, wife of the Sydney trainer, and Mrs. Tony Lopes, wife of a Melbourne trainer.

Only twice has the Cup been postponed, both times because of rain. First postponement was in 1870—Nimblefoot's year—and the second in 1916, when Sasanof was the winner.

Nimblefoot was one of the "dream" winners, but a dream winner with a sad significance.

He was owned by W. Craig, a well-known Ballarat hotel-keeper, who dreamed he would win the Cup, but that his jockey would be wearing a crepe armband.

Slack, one of the biggest doubles bookies of the day, to whom, among others, Craig related his dream, offered to lay him £1000 to eight drinks that a horse called Croydon would not win the A.J.C. Metropolitan and that his dream would not come true.

The wager was booked and, according to a racing writer of the day, "the drinks were consumed in advance."

But the double came off. Croydon won the Metropolitan and Nimblefoot the Cup with his jockey wearing the crepe armband for Mr. Craig, who died before the race was run.

To page 18



## VIC TOUR

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### SPECIAL ACCOMMODATION BOOKING FACILITIES FOR THE CENTENARY MELBOURNE CUP

Have you booked your accommodation for the Cup? Victour is making sure that accommodation is available for every Melbourne Cup visitor. There is a special section to deal with requests for bookings. If you have not yet made a booking, call in or write to any Victour Bureau, and don't forget that Victour will book admission tickets for all meetings during the Cup racing festival.



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## V.R.C. Centenary

(Continued from page 17)

There is a happier postscript to this tale.

By Craig's death Slack was released from all liability in regard to the bet, but he paid Craig's widow £500.

Another "dream" win was that of Melbourne man George Dickenson.

Some months before the 1936 Cup he dreamed that New Zealander Wotan would win the two-mile race. Wotan did, at 100 to 1, and made this lucky dreamer richer by many thousands of pounds.

Wotan, who won only one small race in New Zealand after his Cup victory, was a "revenge" horse as well as a dream horse and one of the Cup's three 100 to 1 winners—the others were The Pearl in 1871 and Old Rowley, 1940.

He was owned by the New Zealand brothers, T. A. W. and R. Smith. They felt they had been "done down" by a Melbourne bookie when, four years before, they brought to Australia Gaine Carrington and Peter Jackson, who were out of the same mare, Left, as Wotan.

And they certainly had the last laugh. They cleaned up in a very big way.

### Bargains

Wotan was also a bargain horse. The brothers bought his mother during the depression years for 37½ guineas with Peter Jackson at foot and in foal with Gaine Carrington.

Another cheap Cup horse was Spearfelt, winner in 1926.

He was bought by Doug Grant, then a clerk with a big wool firm, and trainer Vin O'Neill for 120 guineas without their knowing he was a "paddy" foal. His mother was killed on a boat trip between Melbourne and Sydney when he was only ten days old.

Spearfelt not only did his owners proud. He won £20,000 for a 23-year-old Victorian postmistress in Tatt's first big Cup sweep.

Violet Irene Moore, postmistress at Dingee, a little town north of Bendigo, was so excited by her win that after Spearfelt returned to his stall she rushed across and kissed him.

Miss Moore is now Mrs. Mervyn Hawks, of Malwala

Station, Malwala, N.S.W. — and she will certainly be down for the Centenary Cup.

Spearfelt was a great-grandson of the 1890 Cup winner, Carbine.

Carbine still comes up in annual Cup-time arguments—whether he was the greatest of the greats, or whether more modern greats like Windbag, Spearfelt, Phar Lap, and Peter Pan would have left him standing.

Phar Lap's 1930 victory was preceded by an attempt to shoot him. He was whisked away to St. Alban's Stud, near Geelong, and brought to the course under police escort. Peter Pan won in 1934; fetlock deep in mud and carrying 9st. 10lb.

Another famous bargain winner was Windbag in 1925.

But against these lucky owners with their inexpensive Cup buys are men who sank thousands into trying to breed a Cup winner without success.

Most tragic bad-luck story about the Cup is that of jockey George Dodd, who was on Wheat Ear in 1881.

As a hobby he bred Dalmatians. Just before Cup Day he lost two of them.

He searched unceasingly until he had to go to Flemington on the big day. Before he went he told his wife he was feeling unlucky. His premonition was proved true.

At the turn into the straight a dog ran out, frightened Wheat Ear, who crashed, and Dodd was killed.

The dog who caused Wheat Ear to crash and kill Dodd was one of the jockey's Dalmatians, his favorite, Prince. He was found licking his dead master's face after the field had gone past.

### "Old Shadow"

Probably the most popular, and certainly the unluckiest, Melbourne Cup horse of all time was Shadow King. He never won the race, but was second twice and third twice between 1930 and 1933.

After he was retired from racing "Old Shadow," as he was called affectionately by punters, joined the Police Force and was one of the troopers' horses at the Melbourne Cup for many years. And whoever rode him



COMIC COURT, winner of the 1950  
Cup in the record 3min. 19½sec.  
Evening Peal equalled it in 1956.

always gave him a canter down the steeplechase track.

He died an honored guest in the Police Depot paddocks at Bundoora.

The biggest single Cup win is thought to be that of Chester's owner, the Hon. James White, in 1877. He collected at the very least £30,000 after the race—equal to something well over £100,000 today.

Collecting it must have been something to see.

It took place in what was then known as "Under the Verandah," outside the old Exchange Building in Collins Street, between Elizabeth and Queen Streets.

The bet was paid out within an hour in £100 notes by the then "King of the Ring," Joe Thompson, to Robert Sevier, who worked the commission for the owner.

He took the precaution of having with him a bodyguard of Jem Mace, the leading barefisted boxer.

Robert Sevier is one of the big names in Australia's early racing.

He was the first bookmaker to issue betting tickets at a Melbourne Cup in the 'nineties with the aid of a bag and a clerk.

Before this all transactions were entered in a small betting book, with no ticket for the punter.

Sevier was suspended from the Victorian Club for punching a Vice-Regal A.D.C. on the nose and for fighting the Marquess of Queensberry in a Swanston Street cafe.

Big wins mean big celebrations.

Two that have been handed down in Melbourne Cup history are the all-night party given by part-owner of the 1887 winner, Dunlop, Mr. R.

Donovan, at his hotel, "The Pastoral," near Flemington, and the long and lavish one Joe Thompson gave at Don Juan House after Don Juan's win in 1873.

Big Cup wins have sometimes meant a great deal more than big parties.

The Melbourne Press of the day said that Merriwee's 1899 victory saved the family home for his owner, Herbert Power, a member of the first V.R.C. committee.

### Last hope

Mr. Power admitted to a friend just before the Cup that he was in "desperate straits" and was "adventuring his last hope in the race."

Not so fortunate was W. Forrester, owner of the brothers Gaulus and The Gaffer, who won the 1897 and 1898 Cups, respectively, and in 1897 fought out the finish. He died without a pound to his name.

But that's the luck of the game. The hoped-for happier side of it, coupled with the thrilling excitement and the galloping beauty of the satin-shiny horses, is what draws all eyes and ears to Flemington every first Tuesday afternoon in November.

It's the lure which draws people year after year, win or lose, and none more surely than 87-year-old Mrs. Jo Bird. She has seen every Melbourne Cup bar two since Bravo's victory in 1889.

She is now looking forward eagerly to seeing her 70th Melbourne Cup race on November 1, 1960 — along with the other 199,999 hopeful punters expected to swarm over the lawns, the hill, the flat, the birdcage, and the grandstands on this Centenary Cup Day.

## FOR RACEGOERS

• The V.R.C. has spent £1,000,000 in the past two years on Flemington Racecourse to cater for a record crowd at the Centenary Cup.

A new stand, 380 feet long, is terraced at ground level and seats 2150 people. The upper unroofed deck seats 5200.

At the rear of the stand, 89 totalisator windows have been installed in a continuous line, protected by a verandah.

The Elms Reserve has been paved, dotted with snack-bars, drinking-bars, and pleasant spots to sit and talk. The Ladies' bar in the Members' Stand was renovated for last year's Cup.

A new cafe has a sliding door 500 feet long—easily the longest in Australia.

The railway platform and the avenues to the Hill and Grandstand have been regraded and paved, and the whole area landscaped.

A two-flight escalator now under construction will take racegoers to the Lady Members' Reserve and to the top deck of the Members' Stand.

Seats will be reserved for the public again as they were last year.



LADIES' bar in the Members' Stand.



*"There is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,"  
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## Off to the Cup



IN 1876—by carriage, phaeton, hansom cab, in buckboards or drays.

## Dressed in their very best . . .

● The Melbourne Cup since that first Cup Day 100 years ago has been a magnet to women and their newest, craziest, gayest fashions.

**T**HIS year, for the Centenary Cup Carnival, couturiers and milliners have been on the job for months to make the parade on the Lawn at Flemington the biggest headliner ever.

So there is every possibility that a 1960 writer may echo a Melbourne Cup description in the "Australasian" of November 7, 1868: "The beautiful women draped in the height of fashion who graced the grandstand and the Lawn with their presence far surpassed anything of the kind ever seen before."

But there will surely be nothing so graceful and elegant as the ladies of the 1860s in their sweeping trains, their bustles, their frilled parasols, their flower- and leather-laden bonnets . . .

"The ladies," said the same article of 1868, "are now wearing such long trains that if fashion demands they be any longer Mr. Bagot (the then V.R.C. secretary) had better look for an extension to the promenading ground."

"The tiny little bonnets perched on outrageous chignons; the beautiful faces, the rich dresses, the lavender kids, and jockey club perfume all created to make the front of the grandstand a perfect little paradise."

Pictures of those same ladies of the 'sixties show that there is truly nothing new under the sun in fashion.

Quite a few of them wore their hair in pony-tails, some hanging free, others rolled and twisted, which makes the pony-tail style seem very old hat.

Tunics are high fashion this year. So they were in 1913 when Cynthia of the "Age" described as typical a gown of "flame-colored brocade with a tunic and bodice of tan nixon. A hat trimmed with feathers repeated these tones with admirable effect."

By  
**FREDA IRVING**

In the same year the "Age" said: "The world of fashion is seriously threatened with a surfeit of shapelessness. The knell of even the normal-sized waist seems to have been sounded throughout the world devoted to frocks and frills."

And everyone greeted the sack line as new in 1958!

Of the 1921 Cup millinery, "Table Talk's" Sophie Ormond said:

"Hats ran riot and were every kind of shape. A few had brims spreading so far it was difficult for two wearing them to manoeuvre into speaking distance; then at the other extreme were the small shapes with high crowns."

"There were some that were so loaded up with trimmings to suggest that if a good puff of wind caught one it might act as a sail and waft the wearer out of sight."

Compare this outburst with the "Argus" 1956 Cup hats:

"Hats were back to the cartwheels and massed with tulle and flowers . . . there were enough walking flower gardens atop large and small straw hats to fill most of the beds at Flemington."

"And those that weren't flowered were tuiled to within an inch of their brims and crowns . . . actually, there must have been enough tulle swathed round hats to have stretched the full two miles of the Melbourne Cup."

In 1889 Humming-Bird wrote: "Never has green been so fashionable. Even if it did not appear in the costume, it completed the hat or bonnet in some form or other, and looking upwards from the lawn to the stand it really seemed as if every woman had crowned herself in green leaves and blossoms in honor of the spring day."

To page 23



SMART couple, 1882.



BUSTLES in 1885.



AND the young Miss.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1960



# WIN £200

## AT FLEMINGTON

## ON OAK'S DAY

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(Original letter in Head Office.) That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, fibrositis, backache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

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## BLACK and WHITE



**BLACK and white** has often started a Melbourne Cup favorite. In 1910 — as worn by the smart dresser at right — it was a winner. In 1960 it is again high fashion, as shown in the Paris spring style in checked wool at left, and it is the theme of a fashion contest at the Centenary Carnival. A £200 wool wardrobe will be awarded for the best black-and-white outfit worn on Oaks Day. Another contest, to identify the Princess of Wool, will be held on the final Public Festival Day.

### ● From page 21

In 1894 she complained: "The millinery is decidedly not pretty on the whole this season, some of the bonnets being quite ugly with fans of lace or flowers so arranged as to give a width to the head unbecoming to most ladies."

"The hats are a little better, but are trimmed eccentrically, for it cannot be called pretty to set flowers standing straight upright on their stems as if the hat was a garden plot."

"The dressing was elegant," declared Humming-Bird's successor in "Table Talk," Celia, in 1905, and gave top honors to Lady Northcote, wife of the then Governor-General.

### Clara Butt

After the 1907 Cup Celia deplored the fact that "the dressing lacked the sumptuousness of former years," then proceeded to describe the following "toilette":

"Madame Clara Butt's long gown was of golden-brown nimon over white silk; outlining the lace vest was a fold of gold tissue, which also formed the belt, and a further pattern worked in dark brown chenille further enhanced the gown."

"Her hat, of the round shape she wears so often, had the crown swathed with brown tulle and misted with gold gauze, and a long white feather drooping over the back which shaded to gold."

After which the mind fairly boggles at just what Celia would have considered sumptuous! The 1960 mind also boggles somewhat at trying to visualise some of the millinery described by friend Humming-Bird at the 1896 Cup.

"... in fact, some of the hats were so largely and heavily laden that they suggested the wearers were endeavoring to adopt the oriental custom of carrying burdens on their heads."

"They engendered a great deal of bad language among the sordidly-minded who thought only of seeing the races, but that was a trifling consideration."

"The sordidly-minded" doubtless were men who, despite their bad language on this occasion about feminine fashion, have also sometimes come under fire for their Cup styles over the years.

The "Illustrated Australian News" in its 1867 Cup description berates men in "unmentionables of the latest cut" and dustcoats "variegated in their color... over which is, for the most part, strapped conspicuously a fieldglass."

But, in the main, men have been reasonably conservative over 100 years of Cup dressing.

In the early days it was a square-cut frock coat, striped trousers, white spats, three-inch-

high stiff collar, heavy gold watch-chain across high-cut waistcoat, and, of course, top hat.

The mode of today is morning-suit, red carnation, and topper—or lounge suit with a soft felt hat or bowler.

Not so conservative the women, and from way back there has always been someone who, as Humming-Bird said so truly in her effusion on the 1888 Cup:

"In such an immense gathering there will always be individuals who confounded novelty with elegance and whose only idea is to be conspicuous."

In 1881 there was the lady described in the "Australasian," with "a peacock train some yards in length, which, as the wearer moved, flowed like a glittering rivulet along the sward."

In 1885 there was the "poor taste" lady described by Cynthia of the "Age" as wearing a gown with "the neck cut low and the sleeves short, the bare skin of the wearer being protected from the sun by nothing more than delicate lace."

In 1912 the "Australasian" said rather censoriously... "the slashed skirt was in, and while nobody objected to a slit which extended an inch or two above the ankle, eyebrows were raised at some extreme skirts which were slit to the calf. It was patent to all eyes that the ladies were wearing nothing under their skirts."

### Loud stockings

In 1913 slightly snooty glances were directed at the girls described by the "Age" as "wearing white silk stockings with clocks 'loud enough to strike' elaborately worked in emerald-green, flame color, or Chinese-pink."

After the Melbourne Cup of 1926 the "Argus" reported "an occasional 'tour de force' that made one hold one's breath; for example, a coat of orange caracul trimmed with white fox and with sweeping curves at sleeve and hem."

So it has gone on right up to 1959 when the "Weekly Times" raised indignant eyebrows over the lady who attended the Cup in what the writer described as "nothing more nor less than a ballgown."

Still an' all, no Melbourne Cup would be Cup Day without the Cup Fright. It's part of the Lawn Parade, which has nearly as important a place in the feminine heart as the Cup finish.

As the descriptive writer for the "Illustrated Australian News" in his report of the 1884 Cup declared a trifle cynically:

"The members of the fair creation are said to take a delight in seeing, but if there is anything which they prize more it is the exquisite pleasure of being seen."

Pink is for boys!



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# Spring Race Fashions

● During Melbourne Cup week, the lawns of Flemington have always been a background for a parade of smart women. What fashions will be worn this season? Because of Melbourne's cool climate, wool in a gaiety of color is sure to make headline news. Other fashion certainties will be the Dior tunic, the dress with a naked arm, exotic hat shapes.



● Dior's new spring look (left) — an Eastern tunic suit in black-and-gold print. The black coolie-type hat is matched in color to accessories,



● Patou's bare-armed dress (right) is made in brown-and-white check silk. Hat and lining of the mink jacket are both in matching dress fabric.





● News in wool. Designer Crahay at Nina Ricci revives the gored flared skirt and tops it with a bow-trimmed spencer jacket. The wide-brimmed hat is lined in the same red wool as the suit.



● Golden wool is Carven's choice for the matched coat-skirt ensemble (above). The tucked-in blouse is printed foulard, the straw hat has a spectacular crown.



● Chic suit (left) in pillarbox-red wool, by Ronald Paterson, of London. The suit jacket has an extended "highwayman" shoulder-line. The color-conscious, Liberty printed blouse is reflected in the chic high-crowned cloche hat.





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## Why tears at the wedding?

AFTER a solemn and beautiful service, the happy couple walked down the aisle. All the female relations wiped away their tears, while the male relations cleared husky throats. I just stood and watched, wondering why everyone was crying, when it was the happiest day of the young couple's lives.

£1/1/- to "Can't Understand It" (name supplied), Lane Cove, N.S.W.

## Pensioners' Day

PENSIONERS are having a lean time, so what about a Pensioners' Day — or even week? Big stores could help by providing specials for pensioners, sold only to those who produced an entitlement card. To cut prices for essentials for a day or week would be a boon to old people. It wouldn't lead to inflation — except in our concave stomachs.

£1/1/- to Mr. G. Birks, New Farm, Qld.

## Unfunny hypnosis

IT'S undeniable that hypnotism, legitimately used by skilled medical practitioners, can prove of the utmost benefit to sufferers, but it has become such a fad that improper use is being made of it. In untrained hands it can do far more harm than good. As a means of "stage entertainment" it should be completely banned. It's not funny to make fools of people who volunteer to be part of a show.

£1/1/- to M. Pitt, Newmarket, Qld.

## Long-legged

HOW I envy the Tivoli ballet girls — not their figures but the nice long stockings they wear. If manufacturers can make long stockings for the Tivoli, why not for the general public? I'm 5ft. 10in. tall and have terrible trouble finding stockings long enough. Do other tall women have my problem?

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Steele, Geelong, Vic.

## Terrifying films

RECENTLY I took two young friends to see a much-publicised children's film, thinking they would enjoy it. Instead, they were terrified by certain scenes depicting the wickedness of some of the characters. Surely directors of these otherwise admirable films could either modify or cut out this type of scene.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Burton, Atherton, Qld.

## Not so wild

I WAS amused when my daughter's new American pen-friend wrote asking her where she had learnt to read and write, making obvious the fact she thought Australians were wild. Do many people think of us in this way?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Rebbecki, Strathmore, Vic.

## Rainbow effect

WHEN I collected my portrait from a leading city photographer recently, I was absolutely stunned. The coloring was loud and harsh, and they had attempted to straighten my teeth (which aren't quite straight, but not altogether unsightly). The eyes were a bright greeny-brown (mine are deep brown), the lips were very scarlet. Cupid's Bows, and my eye-brows were done in jet black.

£1/1/- to "Once Snapped, Never Again" (name supplied), Redcliffe, Qld.

## Cruel term

THERE is much talk these days about mental health and its treatment. Wouldn't it sound better if, instead of using the term "shock treatment," the same was referred to as "P.T.M.R." — the letters standing for the phrase "Psychiatric Treatment for Mental Restoration"? Being the wife of a man who spent long months undergoing this treatment for a severe nervous breakdown, I know only too well what an awful experience these sufferers go through. I have seen my husband shudder, and an expression of misery come over his face on hearing the term shock treatment.

£1/1/- to "Only Kindness" (name supplied), Unley, S.A.

## Mothers-in-law

• "Er" (Queensland) wrote that she was undecided whether to ask her two new daughters-in-law to call her "Mum" or "Mother" instead of addressing her as "Er um." Readers say:

I'VE been married for five months and believe in the old saying "Familiarity breeds contempt." I've always addressed my mother-in-law as Mrs. —, and I'm sure I shall always do so. I respect her as my husband's mother and I'm fond of her, but she is not my mother and we respect each other's territory.

£1/1/- to "Another Daughter-in-law" (name supplied), East Victoria Park, W.A.

MY husband and I decided to add the surname of our mothers-in-law after Mother. After a while it was quiet natural to say Mother Smith or Mother Brown.

£1/1/- to "No Ers" (name supplied), Southern Brook, W.A.

I'D like to call my mother-in-law "Mum," but as she has never asked me to I still call her Mrs. —.

£1/1/- to "Interested" (name supplied), Mackay, Qld.

MY daughter-in-law just looked at me when I spoke — not even "Er." I decided to be very patient and give her time to find a name for me. This went on for months, then suddenly she began calling me Ma and has done so ever since.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Willis, Paddington, N.S.W.

I THINK "Er" is presumptuous. In my book the names Mum or Mother are applicable to my own mother only. At my mother-in-law's request I've always called her by her Christian name.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Waterhouse, Seaford, Vic.

# Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS sorry to learn that teenagers in Canada have formed a Hate-Your-Parents Club.

Modern parents are difficult at times. They may seem to their children to be crazy, mixed-up adults.

Yet many of them are decent at heart, and it is worth making an effort to understand them.

If a parent is unmanageable, the children may have to take it to a psychiatrist. But before that stage is reached the children should invite the parent to talk over its problems frankly.

It is amazing how some parents respond to a little sympathy and encouragement.

No good purpose is served by forming a Hate-Your-Parents Club. It only makes the problem parent more resentful and rebellious.

Many parents, it should be remembered, are passing through the awkward age between 25 and 50. I am one of that group myself and know something of their difficulties.

Take the question of making gunpowder in the home.

When my son was given a chem-

## GIVE YOUR PARENTS A CHANCE

istry set for Christmas the first thing he wanted to make with it was gunpowder. In fact, that was the only thing he wanted to make.

I said, "Sorry, but you can't do it."

The boy disapproved strongly of this attitude. He made it plain that he thought I was not conforming to



proper standards of parent behaviour.

"Other boys' fathers let them make gunpowder," he said.

Perhaps he was right, and I should have let him make it. But at least I had an argument on my side. I didn't want the house to be blown up.

Quite often, as in this case, when parents are troublesome, children who probe beneath the surface will find there is a reason for it.

Some children worry because a parent has fits of tantrums. It may fly into a rage over trivial matters, such as when a child breaks its fishing-rod.

The best plan is to take the parent aside and explain quietly that these outbursts serve no purpose.

Emotionally disturbed parents would often benefit from healthy spare-time interests.

Children should encourage them to join a club where they can meet others of their own age. Some of the middle-aged play centres are well-equipped and serve refreshments. A parent is better occupied there than in gatecrashing parties, and at least its children know where it is.

At the same time children should try to make home life attractive to the parent. They should let parents sometimes watch TV programmes they may want to see.

Remember, it is the parent with a contented home background who is least likely to wander round the streets at night and get into trouble.



# THE SINISTER CLOUD



As Tom rode to round up the frightened sheep, he had the impression that the cloud was hurrying towards him.

## A dramatic short story

By E. M. TIMBS

THE cloud that once settled on "Birragong" was a weird thing. The world has seen plenty of stranger things since then, but at that time we were only at the beginning of the atom age. To this day there is still that reddish-grey slash in the hillside. A bolt of lightning, some hold that it was; but I will tell you the truth.

Some of you adventurous folk may find it thrilling. It was more than that. It was heart-stopping. But there was a species of sadness in it, too; that has kept us silent all the long year since it happened.

We were young men at the time. Now Tom has seen his great-grandchildren; and I have been promoted from family friend to a sort of honorary grand-uncle. And we are not so old as you might imagine. There are a few good years left in both of us yet.

"Birragong" was Tom's farm, and it was situated out in the unspoiled country. It was the kind of place which made you feel a wistful longing to possess it; even though you knew you never would. There was a radiance about it. Nothing in particular, of course, just something in the way the light fell upon it. Perhaps a suggestion of fidelity in the lichened fence-posts marching over its hills. If you don't know what I mean, you have never loved; but for me the fascination has always been there.

Well, Tom always liked farming, and never dreamed of leaving the place, except during the war. Incidentally, even that was a blessing, for that was how he met his wife,

Maureen, and a lovelier woman in every way never stepped upon this earth.

The war toughened Tom, and he seemed to acquire a new confidence and alertness. He had the same air of kindness about him, welded to this new strength, but he was no longer just a country boy. He had become a man. He had many qualities which make and keep friends; not the least of them being a kind of dogged faithfulness. We were boyhood mates, and scarcely parted all our lives.

When my story begins, he was already married, and they had three sons; the eldest just five years old. His parents were dead, and he was working the farm. I believe he had a truly brotherly feeling for me, because his only relative, a sister, had married early, and gone to America to live.

Maureen has never heard the story of those anxious weeks. She was visiting her mother with the children, and he would not have her told. She hated to leave the rambling old house with its banksia roses, its long verandahs; and the berries ripening in the garden; but she loved the mother to whom she owed so much of her beauty and charm, so she went.

The first I knew of the matter was when Tom arranged to meet me at the ex-servicemen's club in Sydney. He was so thin and anxious that I hardly knew him at first. He took a hard grip of my arm, and hustled me into the club. He looked quite at the end of his strength, and when we reached our secluded table he dropped slackly into his chair.

"Oh, Mike," was all he said, but I sensed a terror in him which communicated itself to me. He buried his face in his

hands, as one who would escape if he could. When he looked at me again, he seemed to have sunk in upon himself, and his clear grey eyes were flooded with apprehension.

He looked so ill that I ordered an excellent dinner before allowing him to speak. Even then he only ate a little, and that mechanically, but I thought the wine did him good. When we had finished, and were drinking our coffee, he turned to me again.

"You'll think I'm mad!" he began, haltingly.

"You've seen my life out there on the farm. There's my wife, Maureen. You know what a woman she is. Something a man looks at, and wonders how he was ever fortunate enough to meet her, let alone to have her sharing his life.

"I suppose you can't know," he went on, "what it means to waken out there every morning. I used to dream about it while I was away. Weather doesn't seem to matter like it does in the city. Above all, it's the land my father selected, and made into a farm. I used to grudge the time I had to spend at school, and you couldn't blame me."

He broke off suddenly.

"The filthy things," he muttered. "Whatever shall I do?" I looked at him. "Go on," I said encouragingly.

"It only started a week ago," he whispered. "I tell you, Mike. I thought I was going mad."

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"Everything was normal, except for the family being away. Humdrum, you might call it, if you didn't like the country. We'd finished the shearing a while back. Tracey and his son helped with it, the same as usual. The grass was coming on, and we had a good lot of lambs. Their antics were really funny. They would play just like kids. Then all of a sudden the game would break up, and they would dash madly back to their mothers.

"Well, one afternoon I rode down on Prince to look them over. I was gloating about the picture they made against the fresh green grass. It was like a biblical scene and I felt that these were the flocks the Lord had given to me.

"Then, for the first time, I saw the cloud. It was a yellowish, slaty-grey, deepening into mauve, and it seemed to drift from the shelter of a windbreak a few hundred yards away, where there was a pocket in the side of the hill.

"It was so nebulous that I put it down to some defect in

eyesight. Then it came closer, and I was filled with loathing. It affected my mind, which felt empty, and I got the impression of being examined by hostile and inquisitive eyes. Yet at that time I could see nothing. The cloud was as faint as if pencilled out by my subconscious; as indistinct as the imagined movements of sea-things far out of sight on the ocean floor.

"I know now that it was worse than it seemed, that it was tainting the very air I breathed. I can't describe my terrible loneliness of mind. I didn't leave the place of set purpose. I remember my horse jumping as if something had stung him; he gave a sort of quiver, and went off at a gallop.

"My mental capacity seemed to be temporarily frozen. I was like a young baby reaching out vaguely and touching he knows not what. People are always talking about flying-saucers. Too much, I think. Maybe there are such things, but I never saw one, or anything like it, before that day.

## Continuing . . . THE SINISTER CLOUD

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"Well, when I thought it over, I figured the best way to solve the problem was to face it. Frightening things seem to shrink, somehow, when you can bring yourself to do that."

He sipped his coffee, and then went on.

"After that I visited the paddock every day, though I didn't like it, I can tell you.

"Well, the cloud seemed willing enough to leave me alone. It kept above or near the trees, and its color seemed to grow deeper as time went on. I could have dismissed it as if it had been a curious if somewhat uncanny child; but it was still there, and I did not like it. I did not like it at all.

"The day I rode up to have a closer look I could have sworn there was life of some sort moving about inside it. I don't mind telling you the suspense was twinking at my nerves.

"Whatever I started to think about, I would always come back to the cloud. I never saw it anywhere else about the farm. I could not have borne it if I had. Everything in its neighborhood was polluted for me.

"Finally I made up my mind to move the sheep from that paddock. That was when the cloud made the first killing. As I rode down towards the flock it seemed to hurry towards me, not moving very fast, but with something eager about it.

"Well, the dog knew his business, and had the sheep whipped in mighty quick. Then the cloud was upon me, and I began to experience a peculiar feeling of emptiness. Suddenly the sheep started running. The cloud obscured them, but I could hear the frantic drumming of their tiny hoofs.

"At the same time I felt a prickling sensation all over my body, and Prince must have felt it, too, for he took off for the homestead, snorting with fear, hardly seeming to touch the ground. It was impossible to stop him, but I managed to check and turn him slightly, so that I could look back. The sheep and the dog had run out of sight, and the cloud was oozing and slipping back to the trees.

"I could not bring myself to return then. In fact, I should have had to go on foot, for Prince would have none of it. I rode him down the next day, but came into the paddock by another route. He was still very restless and uneasy, but otherwise unharmed. Sure enough, I found the body of a lamb. The white wool was blotched with purple. It made me sick and angry to look at it.

"I went home and worked in the orchard for the rest of the day. It was quiet and peaceful there, and I felt inexpressibly soothed. The trees were full of blossom, and the bees were busy about them and the pink heads of clover.

"When evening came I fed the fowls and the animals, and milked the house cow. All the time I was doing this the memory of the cloud kept recurring to my mind. It was almost a telepathic attraction, as if something exciting and dangerous were calling to me upon the night wind. Above its sudden gusts and fragrant scents the voice that was not a voice went on. 'Come down,' it said. 'Come on down.'

"I only kept my mind from being fully possessed by doing the trivial bits of work: getting my tea and trying to read for a while. When my brain was dull, and my eyes grown heavy, I turned into bed. I knew I would have to go down first thing in the morning, come what would. The last thing I remember hearing was a succession of dreary howls from the chained dog.

"Well, I took the mare and rode down after breakfast. I

took Sally, as Prince was still nervous and jittery. The mare kept sidling and balking as I drove her closer to the trees.

"Not altogether to my surprise, I could see men-like forms within the cloud. There were countless numbers, all swirling and unreal, yet pulsing with life. The cloud now seemed anchored to the trees, and they were withered as if a fierce fire had flung through them.

"I got the impression then, and I think it was a true one, that these strange creatures were beings from outer space, striving to adapt themselves to the different life on earth. The cloud seemed to be necessary for their survival, and my intuition that my habits and appearance were being studied was, I think, not far from the truth.

"I was just going to leave when I saw one of the things looking at me as if he really saw me. He looked horribly close, standing as he was, just

What is now proved was once only imagined.

— William Blake

within the cloud. He seemed predatory, too, as if he could hardly wait to attack me; but some unknown restriction was holding him back.

"I simply stood there, feeling like a reed in a strong wind, and trying not to cower. Finally he seemed to tire of it, and moved away until he was only a vague shape in the cloud's recesses."

Tom's voice had sunk to a fainter whisper. His description had been so factual and vivid that I felt the horror stretching over me, too. I would not have had it otherwise, but even in the reassuring surroundings of the club it was not a nice sensation.

From a distant corner of the room came a sudden hoot of laughter, and young Bretherton's distinctive voice: "Not a policeman with a purple face? That is rich."

The inane interruption meant nothing to us then, but we were to recall it later on.

Shivers coursed down my spine at what Tom had to say next.

"You know, Mike," he said thoughtfully as we left the club, "I think they're nearly ready to leave the cloud. What will we do if they come out?"

I had nothing to say to that, nor would you. Action was being taken, for Tom had influential friends; the only doubt was whether it would be swift or effective enough to check the invaders. Tom told me about it later in the privacy of my rooms.

We went off together, for it had been arranged that he would spend the night with me. As we took the short-cut through the public gardens, I noticed that his eyes were never still. I, too, was scanning the shadows with a curious mixture of mistrust and apprehension. I scarcely saw the twinkling lights or the tall trees, because I was imagining the alien purple men. Well, it was a warm night, but as we moved across the lawns something chilly and rubbery momentarily touched my face.

I hardly knew what I feared. It was a relief to think of spider-webs wet with dew, their expectant occupants swinging, swinging. But there was no dew, and the grass beneath our feet was hot and dry.

Finally we emerged in front of my lodgings. The old house was built of bluestone, with elaborate wrought-iron trim-

ings. Never had it looked more welcome or more secure.

We hastened up the long tiled walk, where a strong scent of pinks came to us from the freshly watered and thickly planted borders. Even as I opened the door with my latch-key the comfortable figure of my landlady appeared in the hall. Tom told me his plans over a last drink before we turned in.

One of his V.I.P. friends, although inclined to scoff, had been induced to take a look at the cloud. What he had seen there had turned him, so Tom said, greener than grass; and it was in his car that Tom had travelled to the city.

It appeared that, by then, the cloud was bubbling with life and gave every indication of fracturing like a hatching egg. No wonder, I remember thinking to myself, that my poor friend was so tense and anxious. It was a spontaneous tribute to his commonsense and stability that he had kept the secret for so long.

The only hope of averting disaster seemed to lie in the possibility of rupturing the cloud, which the authorities accepted as a space vehicle, before the inmates were able to do without it. There was a new weapon of nuclear origin which they hoped would be effective. Tom had agreed to fire it, only stipulating that I was to accompany him on the task.

While we slept that night experts were enclosing the weapon in a thick housing of clear glass which would withstand incredible pressure. This was mounted upon an armored car chassis. The driver was given exactly the same protection; but there could only be visual communication between them. It was explained that the device had an intense concentration of power, and would harm little outside its immediate objective.

It was quite a new thing then—very hush-hush, as they say—though it has been used many times with great effect in the years that followed. If it had not succeeded I suppose they would have tried something else. That is, if there had been time. Personally, I don't think there would.

The next morning we had an early but substantial breakfast, knowing like condemned men that it might be our last on earth. There were headlines in the paper. "Police Constable Found Dead." All his exposed skin was purple. He was clad only in undergarments, and his uniform was gone. While the night life of the city swept past he had lain doubled up in an alcove, his head unguarded. The same thought crossed both our minds: "Of course, they'd need clothes!"

With a sudden upsurging of memory I remembered what young Bretherton had said: "A policeman with a purple face."

AFTER he had read this account Tom was trembling with anxiety to go. A police-car took us, through the slowly awakening countryside, and dropped us near the paddock. We climbed into our protective clothing and into the vehicle which was carrying the weapon. I started the engine and drove off across the smooth pasture.

The cloud was hidden from us by an intervening hill, but there was a tall man dressed in policeman's uniform seated upon a log. I was waving him off when I realised what he was. He stood up and came swiftly towards us when I accelerated and hit him with the powerful car. I saw a spongy hand clutch at the windshield for a moment; then he was gone. We looked back at his form on the ground.

As we looked it was spilling and dissolving into a mess of purplish-black juice. Then as we got into firing position it began to disappear. I saw a puff of purple vapor leaving the spot, creeping furtively along the ground and making for the cloud, which was still resting majestically on the trees.

It was so early that I suppose the birds were going wild with song, but, of course we could not hear them. I sat in my place in a dead and eerie silence. I could see Tom working furiously, making rapid adjustments, for the gun had been disarmed until he was ready to use it. His face through the glass of his turret looked white and determined. All at once he looked up and signalled that he was ready. Grimly he touched off the firing mechanism.

As he did so an awe-inspiring and hollow boom of sound reverberated about the shallow valley like thunder. There was a sudden, frantic burst of flame and a tremendous "woof" from the side of the cloud. The air became terrifically hot, even at a distance of several hundred yards. The cloud seemed to rear like a wild stallion and break apart before our eyes.

There was a gigantic column of billowing smoke; impregnated with brilliant particles of light. Then it gleamed with steely-blue fires. I waited with mingled hope and anxiety. Going down to destruction, would the creatures be able to generate sufficient power to destroy our puny machine?

The air grew clearer and cooler, and we could see that the cloud was gone. Now we found the purple creatures milling about us in countless numbers. Their faces were no longer predominantly wicked. Their expressions were at once pitiable and desperate. Those queer, spongy bodies beat harmlessly against our machine, scarcely rocking it, so powerless had they become. We watched them slowly dying against a purple dusk.

Now, although it is so long after those events, my mind often leaps without warning to that well-remembered spot, seeking for that cloud, or another, in a kind of terrified speculation. There is nothing of intellect in this phenomenon. It is just unreasoning fear; and the same world ceases to exist for a time. I know that earth was thoroughly searched, and I am sure that a watch is being continually maintained.

Well, to get back to the paddock: From being an open, sunny place, it became like an unwholesome marsh, dank and strange. A new sort of weed grew coarsely over it, but there was no grass. The trees were odd shapes, but still living.

The paddock was examined at frequent intervals and conditions there noted. It was about a year later that the fungoid growths took over. They grew quickly, and one had to admit they were beautiful as they reared up from that dark-green, weedy floor. Living poems, they were as they quickly expanded into pink and purple forests. It was not hard to imagine them linking their leathery arms in a macabre dance.

They were finally settled by a squad of soldiers using flamethrowers. The drawn look went out of Tom's face.

The place seems wholesome enough now, and has been sown down with grass. Tom never puts stock into it, though. It seems like a graveyard to us and a small thing to give up in return for the whole earth. Once a year, though, we make a sentimental journey. We ride quietly through it until we come to the gash in the hillside. There we offer thanks to God for our preservation, and that of our fellow humans, and go quietly home again.

"Lightning," many a one says it was. Fine lightning. I must say!

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## Keen's Curry makes very clever cooks!

Keen's Curry has wonderful ways with all kinds of foods. Used in the right amount it makes delicious curries exactly to your taste—mild, medium or hot. Its delicate blend and true Indian flavour add a new subtlety to many dishes. Try a little today in your soup, stew, casserole or summer salad.



## Keen's Curry

MAKES MILD, MEDIUM OR HOT CURRIES



Made by the manufacturers of Keen's Mustard



# Miss Bagshot goes to Moscow

INVETERATE globe-trotter MISS LAVINIA BAGSHOT little thought she was embarking on the road to international fame when she defied her conservative relations and succeeded in getting herself to Moscow, where she was accidentally accepted by officials as a member of a British delegation visiting Russia.

At a farewell dinner given to the delegation, Miss Bagshot made a forthright speech advising more frivolity in the drab Russian way of life. Later, at a party given by JACQUELINE MARSH, secretary at the British Embassy, STEWART FERGUSON, correspondent to a London newspaper, interviews her and sends the story home, where it causes great consternation to her family when it becomes front-page news. Her grand-nephew, HUMPHREY NAPIER, is sent out to bring her home before more trouble can ensue, but by the time he arrives, Miss Bagshot has disappeared. While the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the British Embassy search frantically for her, Miss Bagshot is comfortably ensconced in Jackie Marsh's flat nursing a cold while Jackie is on a fortnight's leave.

Humphrey seeks help from Fergusson when he meets him at his hotel. NOW READ ON:

## Part three of our serial By ANNE TELS'COMBE

FOR the first few days in Jackie's flat Miss Bagshot remained gratefully and drowsily in bed, stirring only to change her hotwater bottles and make a fresh cup of tea. She did not even fetch herself a book from Jackie's sitting-room.

It was on the third day that she woke suddenly to find someone standing beside her—a tiny, ageless woman with a wide smile and a white kerchief tied about her head.

"Fenya," she announced, nodding and grinning at Miss Bagshot. She had a duster in one hand and a vase of dead flowers in the other, but she put both down and began to straighten out Miss Bagshot's pillows. She chattered away in Russian all the time, bobbing her white kerchief apparently expecting no reply.

She tidied the room methodically and went off with more bobs and a final burst of prattle into the kitchen, taking the duster and the dead flowers with her. Miss Bagshot could hear her moving round the flat, humming to herself. It was almost an hour later that she reappeared at the bedroom door with a stringbag. She held it up and this time Miss Bagshot understood she was asking a definite question.

"Yes," said Miss Bagshot. "If you would be so kind, I think I need some milk and some eggs."

Fenya put her head on one side, twisting the stringbag in her hands and laughed uproariously. Miss Bagshot reached for her handbag on the bedside table and extracted her last twenty-five-rouble note, which Fenya accepted happily, but still she shrugged her shoulders, pointed to her mouth, made signs like a charade-player that she was eating and drinking, and relapsed into another flow of incomprehensible Russian.

It was clear to Miss Bagshot that Fenya

wanted a shopping list, but she had not the faintest idea of any of the necessary words. In desperation she climbed out of bed, threw Jackie's dressing-gown about her shoulders, and went in search of a Russian-English dictionary in the bookcase.

She found it quite easily but it was not, as she had hoped, a simple matter of pointing to "milk" and "eggs" in English, and having Fenya read the Russian characters. Fenya, only too plainly, could not read at all. She said—or Miss Bagshot thought she said—that she was not a "gramotny" person. So they repaired to the kitchen and pointed to various empty containers on the chance of conveying their meaning.

"Khleb," suggested Fenya, pointing to the bread bin.

"Oh bread, yes, that would be very nice," agreed Miss Bagshot. "And what about milk?"

She searched unsuccessfully for a milk bottle, but was finally forced to point to an aluminium container with a lid which looked like an old-fashioned milk-can.

"Moloko," nodded Fenya.

"Yes, I think that might be it."

Miss Bagshot remembered that she had boiled the last egg for breakfast that morning, but she was able to fetch the shell and together they approved the purchase of half a dozen with the aid of their fingers.

"I don't think I need anything more," decided Miss Bagshot. "I suppose fruit would be too difficult to understand unless it's the same word. Fruit."

"Frit," repeated Fenya, looking puzzled. But Fenya was determined to provide a

varied diet. She arrived back with the stringbag bulging with an assortment of pickled cucumbers, salted fish, dried mushrooms and sour cream. If she wasn't going to eat exactly what she liked, at least Miss Bagshot could see that she wasn't going to starve.

When she shook her head at the dried mushrooms, Fenya broke into a babble of directions, and finally began cutting them up, washing them, frying them, and boiling them to the accompaniment of chuckling assurances in Russian.

"Soup," she announced finally, stirring the contents of the saucepan with a long wooden ladle.

"Soup," agreed Miss Bagshot, and they grinned approval at each other that this was the first word where their languages met in harmony.

By the time Fenya had left, Miss Bagshot's energy began to return. When she had scrubbed down and tidied all the kitchen shelves, she felt strong enough to stay up for the rest of the day. So she found a pile of discarded stockings in one of Jackie's drawers and sat down to mend them.

Miss Bagshot had no nice notions about prying into someone's private and personal possessions, and she had soon tipped the contents of Jackie's drawers out on the bed and was kept busy the next day putting them in order. She found several pillowcases which needed patching, sheets which should be turned sides to middle, and enough darning and mending to keep her occupied for the rest of the week.

The days were bright and sunny, Jackie's

*Miss Bagshot contentedly sipped her tea, surrounded by a crowd of smiling Russians.*

flat faced south and Miss Bagshot sat happily on the little balcony, a pile of mending in her lap, screened from the courtyard below by the straggling hedge of runner-bean shoots, which Jackie was trying to grow along the battered window-boxes.

Children's voices came piping up from the courtyard, shrill and excited as they struggled with their games. In the morning, they were usually Russian voices, and Miss Bagshot remembered that Jackie had told her a wing of the block of flats was set aside for diplomats from the satellite countries.

The children of this category—the Rumanians, Albanians, Bulgarians, Czechs, and Hungarians—used Russian as their common language and attended a Russian school in the afternoon shift. During the morning their games in the yard fascinated Miss Bagshot, bringing back memories of her own childhood. They skipped, they played with hoops, they drew squares and circles on the asphalt, and screamed Russian hopscotch terms at each other.

About midday, she would see them setting off for school, their old-fashioned satchels over their arms, the boys in grey military uniforms with soldiers' peaked caps, the girls demure in their long black stockings, brown uniforms, and black pinafores with white Victorian-style collars and cuffs.

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New! Fragrant **Potter & Moore** talcum with lanolin...

# clings on and on

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Soothes and softens your skin... won't rub off on your clothes... absorbs perspiration moisture.

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Its stay-on secret is lanolin — nature's own softener. Rub a little Potter & Moore talcum between your fingertips — you can feel its extra smoothness and creaminess.

Potter & Moore talcum absorbs and dries off perspiration moisture; its gentle antiseptic action helps prevent odours forming.

Choose from romantic flower fragrances  
There's a Potter & Moore fragrance for your personality — Lily of the Valley, Gardenia, Apple Flower, Mitcham Lavender, Eau de Cologne, Oriental Poppy, and new GIGI, the fragrance of France.

Choose matching fragrances in Potter & Moore Skin Perfumes.



Each Potter & Moore Talcum fragrance also comes in a heavenly Skin Perfume. So exhilarating. Use lavishly after your shower.



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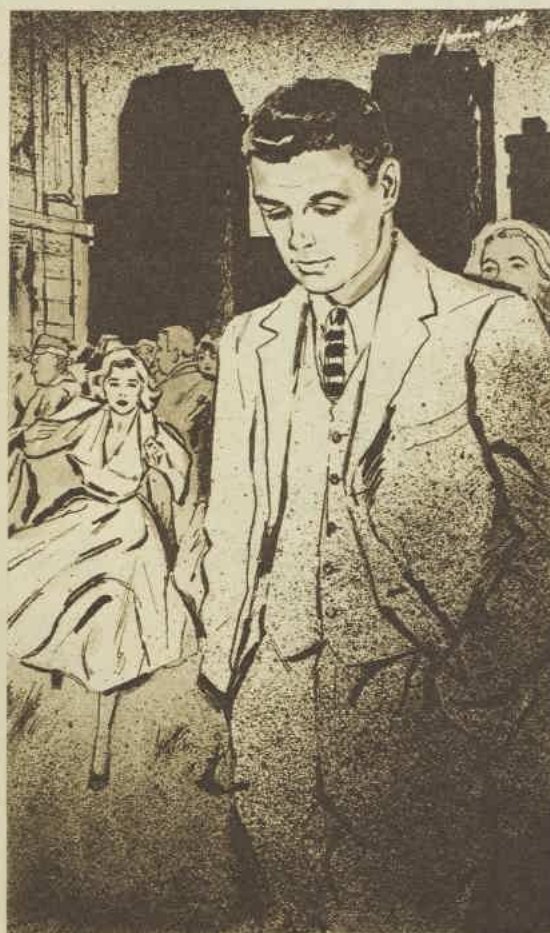




# The Appointment

A short story complete on this page

By DIANA WYNNE



As the young man walked away, the girl anxiously ran towards him through the crowd.

ALAN stood nervously on the corner of the street frantically trying to hail a taxi. It was 5.30, and they whistled past him on their way to the taxi-rank. He couldn't decide whether to catch a bus or get a train.

"I've just got to be there by quarter to six," he mumbled softly to himself. "She won't wait if I'm late, that's certain." Deciding that perhaps a bus would be quicker, he dodged through the traffic and stood anxiously behind the people waiting at the stop.

He hated being late for anything, but to keep a beautiful girl waiting was unforgivable. And Anthea was the loveliest he'd ever known. He still couldn't believe that she'd actually agreed to go out with him. He'd taken her out to dinner once, and it had been without doubt the best evening of his life. He hadn't stopped remembering her lovely face.

"The way she smiles," he said softly.

The man by his side shot him an odd glance and raised one eyebrow. He'd have to stop this talking to himself habit. It was a new thing, though. He'd only done it since he met Anthea.

A bus came up, but was the wrong number, and full, anyway. Twenty-five to six. Perhaps he ought to start walking. But with crowded streets it would take him longer than ten minutes, and he couldn't be late. Perhaps he should have waited to the taxi-rank. But there were always such long queues.

If Anthea didn't wait for him he wouldn't blame her. A girl like that could go out with whom she liked.

A bus going in the right direction swung round the corner. An uncontrollable impulse pushed him in front of the rest of the people, and he leaped up the stairs to take the one remaining seat. The bus swayed uneasily, but took off at a good pace.

He permitted himself a little dream. He and Anthea, of course. If things went well he'd take her to the cocktail party his boss was giving to celebrate the firm's 25th birthday.

He could imagine Clement's face when he introduced Anthea. Her clothes were so beautiful, she had such tremendous charm, she'd be a sure hit with them all. Come to think of it, he and Anthea didn't look such a bad pair. She was just about three inches shorter than he even when she was wearing high heels. His dream ended as the bus began to slow down and finally stopped behind an enormous traffic jam.

Panic returned. Twenty to six. Only five minutes to go and it was at least four more stops.

He stood up to get off the bus and walk, and then changed his mind. He'd never make it in time. Better stay and hope for the best. She'd wait five minutes. That was only polite. She'd understand that it was difficult to be punctual at this time of night. Or would she think he didn't care? He'd purposely tried not to show how keen he was just in case it annoyed her.

Some girls liked you to play a little hard to get. But he did care—for the first time in his life he really cared. He'd taken quite a lot of girls out. He'd even thought of asking one of them to marry him, but decided not to at the last minute. But Anthea was definitely the one. He hadn't any idea of how she felt for him. She must like him a little, he reasoned, to agree to go out with him a second time. But if he kept her standing there, waiting on that corner...

He began to wish he had suggested they meet in the foyer of Maurice's restaurant. What a fool he was. He ought to have realised that a girl like Anthea would hate hanging around on a crowded pavement. At Maurice's she could have sat comfortably on a soft velvet chair.

She was the type of girl that deserved to have nice things around her. She was graceful and feminine. He'd never forget the way she'd sat in the restaurant while they were having dinner. She was so composed. She even ate more prettily than anyone he'd ever seen. She wasn't very old, twenty-one at the most, but she had the calm of a woman twice her age.

And she talked well, too. Not just prattle about the latest film she'd seen. And she seldom used the pronoun "I." That was probably what he admired about her more than anything else. Most of the girls he'd known were full of themselves, but Anthea was interested in so many subjects. And she'd read every book he'd mentioned.

There was one disturbing thing—she was a little aloof. He hadn't dared to kiss her just in case it made her angry, and she had the effect of making him be on his best behaviour.

One minute to quarter to six. The bus was still motionless. He gripped the rail in front of him. He felt like yelling out. Oh, why didn't it move? She wouldn't wait for him, he knew. She had probably got there early. She was probably getting ready to leave now, glancing at her watch, waiting until exactly quarter to.

"Slow, isn't it?" said the woman next to him.

"Yes."

"You in a hurry?"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1960



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Start the weekend well with

## Weekend


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If only he could have loved her  
without betrayal . . . a short story

**BY RUTH LYONS**

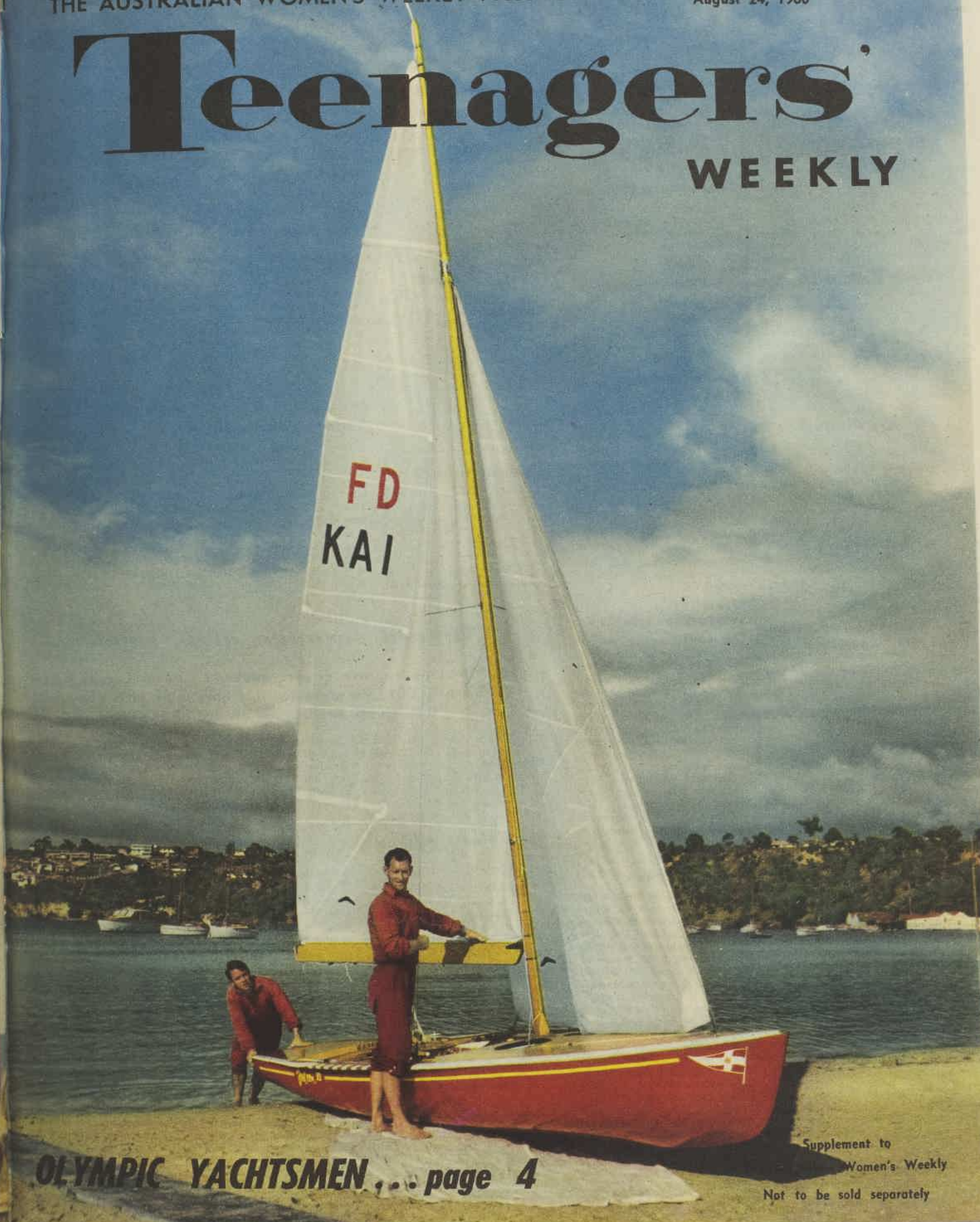


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 24, 1960

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY



**OLYMPIC YACHTSMEN ... page 4**

Supplement to  
Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## Plugging for more Beethoven

IT is almost impossible for teenagers to hear and enjoy classical music. The disc jockeys claim they play what we want. I often wonder, however, if we appreciate the perpetual razzle-dazzle of trash which we are forced to endure. The musical taste of teenagers lies in the hands of the disc jockeys. We could witness a revolution in popular demand if they were prepared to plug Beethoven, Bach, and Chopin with the same dedicated consistency they now lavish on the fraternity of rock-'n-roll singers. —Helen Coleman, Ben Lomond, N.S.W.

## No Ferdinand

MY girl-friend complains bitterly because I refuse to greet her with a bunch of flowers as a token of my esteem. I maintain that a fella feels and looks a goof walking along the street with a bunch of flowers in his hand. Some chocolates yes, but flowers—no sir. I pride myself on being a he-man, not a sissy. What do other male teenagers think? —"Not a Mouse," Coburg, Vic.

## "Footie" for girls

I THINK there ought to be girls' football here in Tasmania. It isn't any rougher than hockey, which I play. They have boys' hockey and basketball, which I consider are girls' sports, so I think there ought to be girls' football. I am not a tomboy. —Judy, Hobart.

## Color bar

ON a recent Sunday afternoon a half-caste aboriginal boy aged about 19 or 20 was refused admittance to the local skating rink. The boy was spotlessly clean, casually dressed, and a fine example of young manhood. He didn't make any fuss at all, he merely turned and walked dejectedly away. I asked the manager why he wouldn't let him in, and he answered with a very curt, "Mind your own business." —Elizabeth Brazier, Qld.



Elizabeth Brazier

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Too young?

MANY New Australians frown when the subject of the school-leaving age comes up, and I agree with them. In Australia the age is 14 or 15, whereas in France it is 18. At 14 a child has not much education and is not usually successful in obtaining a good steady job. Why not raise the leaving age? —Helen Newman, Coorparoo, Brisbane.

## Teen-Beats

JUST recently, in Lismore, a "Teen - Beat Club" was formed. Mrs. J. S. Bain started it and it has nearly 200 members. There is already table-tennis, darts, and a radiogram. The president is 18-year-old Glen Gosper. The hall the club has got is already too small and members want a larger hall built. The age groups are: junior (between 13 and 15) and senior (between 16 and 20). It was opened by the mayor of Lismore on July 20. —"Nero," Lismore, N.S.W.

## Seats for adults

RECENTLY on my way to school, one of my friends and I were able to get a seat on the train. I stood up to allow an adult passenger to have the seat. Not one person sat down. A few mornings later we got a seat and did not stand up. We were described as "extremely discourteous" by an adult passenger, who had a seat anyway. We thought this unfair. Most adults who take one's seat never give a word of thanks. They just expect a girl in uniform to give up her seat. —Diane Hird, Petersham, N.S.W.

## Grisly tucker

I WAS out in the kitchen and my young brother was entertaining a girl-friend of mine in the lounge. Suddenly she came out to the kitchen to say, regretfully, that she couldn't stay for tea after all, as she remembered her mother was to visit her that evening. It sounded awfully fishy to me, so I asked my young brother if he knew why. "No, Sue, I haven't a clue!" he declared. "She was gushing about what a wonderful cook you must be, and how much she was looking forward to what we were having for dinner." "That's funny—but what did you tell her?" "I just said we were only having worms and frog's eyes tonight." How was she to know that those are his names for spaghetti and tapioca? —Sue Ashley, Atherton, Nth. Qld.

## Cool question

I WOULD like to quote a question that appeared in our half-yearly examination: "What qualities of thought or language prevent each of the following from being readily acceptable sentences? ... 'Then he played it cool, man, but cool, and those cats were way out, real gone.'" How was I to answer such a question? —M. Gascoigne, Canberra, A.C.T.

## The first word

SHOULD girls speak to boys first if they know them? We have been called the high and mighty because we don't. This is because we're not sure we'll be answered, and most of the time we are too shy to speak. It seems that all boys expect us to speak first. I'm sure other girls have this problem. —Gail Russell, Narooma, N.S.W.

## Remember?

IF the older generation were to look back at what they did at the same age they might not be so ready to condemn us. —Kerry Hutchion, South Hobart.

## Canteen "rubbish"

ONE thing that surprises me is the rubbish which is sold by school canteens. We are taught that we should eat fresh and plain food, and yet school canteens only sell stodgy and indigestible food such as cream buns, sweets, and sugary drink. Surely it would be just as easy to sell milk and fruit, and perhaps that would improve the skins of the girls, which are mostly pasty and pimply. —(Miss) J. E. Perry, North Adelaide.



Toni Gibson

## Big beach noise

A PERSON can now be prosecuted for the loud playing of transistor radios in public transport. This seems quite fair as the incessant noise can be very annoying. Surely then, the surf clubs which play music over loudspeakers at the beaches should also be prosecuted. After all, the noise is about twice as loud as the radios played on public transport. If one wishes to abide by the rules of the beach by swimming between the flags, one cannot escape this noise. —"Hopeful (not really)," Sydney.

## Enjoy yourself!

DON'T teenagers of today ever enjoy themselves? The usual reply to the question, "Did you enjoy yourself?" seems to be, "Aw, it was all right," or "Not too bad." If people are interested enough to ask, surely it would be nicer to hear, "I had a lovely time, thank you!" or even "Crazy, man, crazy! It was fab!" —Lenore Morris, Milroy Downs, Qld.

## Car-shy horses

NOT long ago when a small group of teenagers rode their horses peacefully along a quiet country road, a car came speeding along and made no attempt to slow down. The bank on either side of the road was too steep to take the horses down so the riders rode single file along either side. As the car drew near, one young horse shied out, and the car struck him full on the side, throwing horse and rider down the steep bank. The horse was later destroyed, and, apart from a broken heart, the rider was okay. The horse is still one of the main things on country properties, and is common in the bush, so why aren't drivers more careful? —Toni Gibson, Oberon, N.S.W.

## How true!

I HAD not been in regular employment for very long before I discovered how unimportant my job is when it comes to asking for a rise; yet how important it can be when I want a day off! —"Typhus" Pool, Forest Hill, Vic.

## Should teenage girls smoke?

● "Do boys approve of girl smokers?" asked Carole Walker (T.W., 6/7/60). She suggested that boys think girls who smoke look cheap. Readers are divided on the issue.

GIRLS should not smoke.

Most boys offer a girl a cigarette out of courtesy and are usually disappointed if she accepts. If a girl really desires to smoke for pleasure, and there are not many that do, she should wait until she reaches her late teens or even older. —Alan Schwab, Burwood, Vic.

I DON'T mind seeing a girl smoking if she does it daintily and does not attract attention. However, I don't like girls who make a great show of it and attract everyone's attention by blowing smoke at their companions. —Richard Kruse, Blackburn, Vic.

A LAW should be passed that all girls under 21 be not permitted to smoke. Even over that age they don't look nice, and it is much nicer to see a girl enjoying herself without having a cigarette in her mouth. —J. A. Croucher, Mackay, Qld.

AS far as I'm concerned it's immaterial whether girls smoke or not. It's a girl's character that concerns me most. If she is a nice type she

can smoke like a chimney. We must all accept the fact that females smoking has come to stay, and that it's now a part of their way of life. If any female tried to dictate to me what I should or should not do I'd be as irate as girls should be if boys object to their smoking. —M. Beattie, Coburg, Vic.

IT has never ceased to amaze me why some girls think themselves smart by walking along the street with a cigarette hanging out of their mouth. For a girl to smoke is quite bad enough, but when it comes to this I think that there is very little hope for the female sex. Mind you, I do not think there is anything wrong with girls smoking — but at the appropriate time and place. —"Smoko," Deniliquin, N.S.W.

BOYS and girls under 16 should be banned from buying cigarettes. For example, I know of two boys aged 12 and 13 who waste their money on cigarettes, and think it very smart to stand around the streets smoking. They don't seem to realise that they would get more pleasure out of

saving their money and buying something that they really need. —C. Thorburn, Sh. Gippsland, Vic.

WHEN I was six I tried my hand at smoking but my parents found out. I was then made to smoke two cigarettes, a cigar, and a pipe. Needless to say, this had the desired effect. Please, girls, don't smoke, for nothing looks worse. If in doubt, undergo my test. It worked. —Gillian Pitman, Launceston, Tas.

GIRLS shouldn't smoke on dates. It makes them look cheap when they are nicely dressed for a date. Other times are all right, but on dates — NO! —Bill Meiers, Oakleigh, Vic.

SMOKING is a dreadful habit for teenagers to get themselves trapped into. It spoils their complexions and leaves its horrible trademark on hands. Smoking is a waste of time and money. Doctors believe that smoking is one of the causes of cancer, so why ruin our health as well as our appearance? —"Anti-Smoker," Camberwell, Vic.



By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

# At 14 he owns a newspaper

● Like all newspaper proprietors, Lucas de Jong, of the Canley Heights Weekly, has a lot of worries. But his worst is when a big story breaks. He can't get out of school to cover it.

For Lucas is only 14, in first year at high school. "It was like that when a murder happened near Liverpool," said Lucas. "When I got there after school it was all over. No one would tell me anything."

THAT'S because most people think that Lucas is too young to be a serious newspaper man. How wrong they are.

Although he's small for his age, his industry and originality would make any big old newspaper baron blink twice.

You see, Lucas is not only the editor and publisher of the Canley Heights Weekly, but he produces it almost single-handed. He is the advertising manager, chief reporter, accountant, secretary, and delivery boy.

With a circulation of 60-odd copies, the distribution alone takes Lucas about two hours. So you'd wonder how on earth he manages to find the time to run his newspaper, help his mother with the housework and gardening, as well as keep up with his school work.

You'd wonder until you'd met him.

He's an extremely serious young man. And he's a boy of few words—mostly questions at that. He gives the impression of solid, practical drive, which is foreign to someone so young.

But that's just it. Lucas had to start being grown up and purposeful at ten, when his family migrated to Australia from Holland.

## Knew no English

He didn't know a word of English then, and spent the first year moving from migrant camp to migrant camp until his father settled as a watchmaker in Canley Heights, one of Sydney's Western Suburbs.

As the youngest of the four de Jong children, Lucas was left alone a lot. He had time to think.

He thought about Canley Heights mostly—the new shops needed by an increasing population, the new high school, the picture theatre, the bus service. Canley Heights had everything—except its own newspaper.

So Lucas, all by himself, had worked out a tried and true success principle: find out what the public lacks, then get cracking and supply it.

He did. His only assets were a slight knowledge of newspapers from reading "Superman" comics, where the hero, Clark Kent, is a newshound, the encouragement of the headmaster of the local primary school, and the bundle of paper his father had given him.

And he had one other advantage: a terrific pride and fighting spirit. "People thought it was just for fun,"



said Lucas. "That made me mad. It always makes me mad when they don't take me seriously."

Lucas had to show them. The printing was the first thing to arrange. Easy. The primary-school headmaster had a duplicating machine which he said could be used for the job, and Lucas had the use of a typewriter at home.

Now Lucas had to set about finding something to print. His first concern was advertising. Advertising was an essential source of revenue for all papers, he knew.

He figured he'd have space for four ads in his first single-sheet issue, so he sold the space at 1/- each to his father and three other local businessmen.

Next he turned to news, and it wasn't hard to get.

"There isn't very much going on in Canley Heights," Lucas said, "so what is happening is easy to find out."

"I've got a boy, Derek Soutter—he's my age—to help me with news, but mostly I just find it out for myself."

"Or I write just what I think."

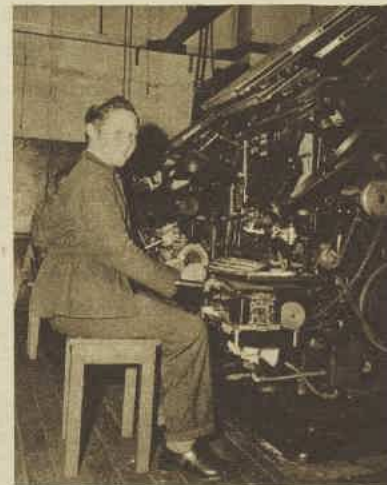
His first issue, dated March 14, reflected this in an item on buses. Lucas thought the school buses were too crowded, and that the schedule was neither regular nor frequent enough.

The issue also gave some up-to-date information on the building progress of the new school; a notice about a forthcoming ball and notifications of community meetings.

Seeing that the first issue was a bit of a risk—and Lucas had already made four shillings on selling advertising



LUCAS DE JONG, Australia's youngest newspaper proprietor, at work with his assistant, Derek Soutter. Above, Lucas is typing an editorial and, at left, the two boys are printing their newspaper on a duplicating machine. Below, Lucas is in his dream world—at the keyboard of a linotype machine in a city newspaper office.



space—he decided to distribute it for nothing.

But there was a notice in it saying that future issues would cost 2d. It added, "This might be too much, but the paper will improve."

Lucas kept his word. As he swung into the routine the paper began to contain a greater variety of news.

Lucas can gather and type all the news for the week in less than two hours, but the book-keeping has started to become complicated.

Each week's sales bring in about 11/- and the advertising 4/-. Lucas' own pocket-money from his parents is 4/-, so he earns about £1 a week. That's easy.

The hard part is that his helper, Derek Soutter, must be paid according to the amount of work he does.

Then there's payment for contributions. If anyone contributes a particularly bright news item, Lucas pays what he thinks the item is worth.

## Plans for future

After meeting these expenses and the cost of paper, Lucas banks the rest to provide for future expansion.

His first objective is to buy a real printing press, and that's why he visited the city one day after school.

Seriously, with pencils sticking purposefully out of his wind-jacket pocket, he called at our office and asked if he could see our printing plant.

After his tour of inspection he questioned our staff about journalism. "I

want to be a reporter in a big newspaper when I leave school," he said. "For experience."

Lucas told us about his first scoop. "Once, when a service garage burnt down, I went round and questioned all the men who worked there. I found out that the fire was caused by an electrical short, and that was printed in my paper two weeks before it appeared anywhere else."

This was a fairly long speech for Lucas, and he suddenly became embarrassed. "I've got to go now," he said. "I've got the 12th issue to write, and we go to press tomorrow."

**FOOTNOTE:** Because Lucas had been so co-operative in passing on to us his trade secrets, Teenagers' Weekly decided to advertise in his paper. When staff photographer Ron Berg gave him the copy for the ad, and 2/-, Lucas put the money in his pocket. "Don't I get any change?" asked Ron. "Oh, no," said Lucas. "I'll run your ad twice."



# SAILS SET FOR ROME GAMES



IAN PALMER, the 18-year-old Perth boy who will sail in the yachting events at the Rome Olympic Games as Rolly Tasker's for'ard hand. On OUR COVER, Rolly and Ian (at the stern) are preparing Rolly's Flying Dutchman yacht, Falcon VI, for a trial run on the River Swan.

● Could it be the view of the sparkling River Swan from his bedroom window that makes Perth teenager Ian Palmer such a dedicated yachtsman?

IAN'S skill at sailing has already earned him one trip round the world and another to the Rome Olympic Games as for'ard hand of the famous Western Australian yachtsman, Rolly Tasker.

From an armchair in the living-room of his lovely riverside home in Birdwood Parade, Dalkeith, Ian described his entrance into world-standard yachting circles.

"It all began with a casual conversation I had with Rolly about three years ago," he said.

"I was thinking of buying a Flying Dutchman, and as Rolly is Australia's leading expert on this two-man class of yacht I went to him for advice.

"As we talked he mentioned that he was looking for a for'ard hand for his own yacht, and suggested that I might like to join him.

"Naturally, I jumped at the chance."

For a year Ian trained with Tasker—sailing on Saturdays and Sundays, and polishing the boat and (under the expert eye of sailmaker Tasker) tinkering with sails and ropes on week-nights.

In 1958 came the World Championships, held on Lake Attersee, in Austria. Ian, then only 16, got leave from Scotch College, and, with his mind full of instructions and loaded with

film and camera, set off for the big test.

He need not have worried. Tasker and his one-man crew won the World Championship and brought home gold medals.

And Rolly's reasons originally for asking Ian to sail with him?

"Well," said Rolly, "he had a solid physique and was strong for his age.

"He had the necessary experience and, being about to leave school, was not at that stage tied up in any job, and could give the necessary time to make the trip I was planning to Austria.

"My faith in him was justified.

"When the time came he proved that he didn't get ruffled and was always very alert."

Rolly added with a smile: "Ian got on very well with the Austrian girls, too. On his birthday they gave him a big barbecue."

"The girls were terrific," Ian said. "We had no language troubles, because they were taught English in school.

"They would even correct my grammar when I used slang.

"The championships were in August-September—a lucky time for me.

"My birthday, on September 4, was the day we won the second heat. This year on September 4 we'll be sailing Falcon VI in the third heat at Naples, so we hope to do just as well."

## How to THE TANGO dance

● It takes two to dance, "... and two to really get the feeling of romance." So, as the song goes, let's do the tango...

IT is probably the easiest dance of all to learn. The steps are simple and the music has a sharp, staccato rhythm.

Try out these steps to "Jealousy" or "La Cumpasetta" and you'll soon be dancing the tango like a champion.

The tango originated in South America among the peasants. You've often noticed that the instruments in a Latin-American band are very simple—just wooden sticks that are tapped together, or gourds with beans inside them which are shaken. These instruments have been used for hundreds of years, and dances such as the tango woven around their rhythms.

Remember, while you are dancing the tango, keep a definite beat, but don't slide your feet along the floor as you would in a quickstep or a foxtrot.

The tango was originally danced on bare earth in the villages, so that one characteristic of the dance is that the feet are lifted slightly from the floor and placed deliberately down.

By holding the weight on the foot a little longer than usual you have to move the other foot more quickly to catch up with the beat. This gives the traditional "stop-go" staccato tango movement.

The music you dance to is fiery and romantic, so don't relax too much. Hold yourself very straight and a little more stiffly than usual, and concentrate on feeling the more and character of the dance.

The hold is a little different in this dance, too. The girl is held slightly to the right-hand side of the boy. His hand will be farther round the girl's waist, and she will rest her left hand at the back of the boy's right arm.

Each step that the boy takes with the left foot should move slightly to the right across the body, so that the boy leads into the dance with his right shoulder. His right foot then follows the line of his body, so that if he were to continue walking in this way the boy would walk in a complete circle.

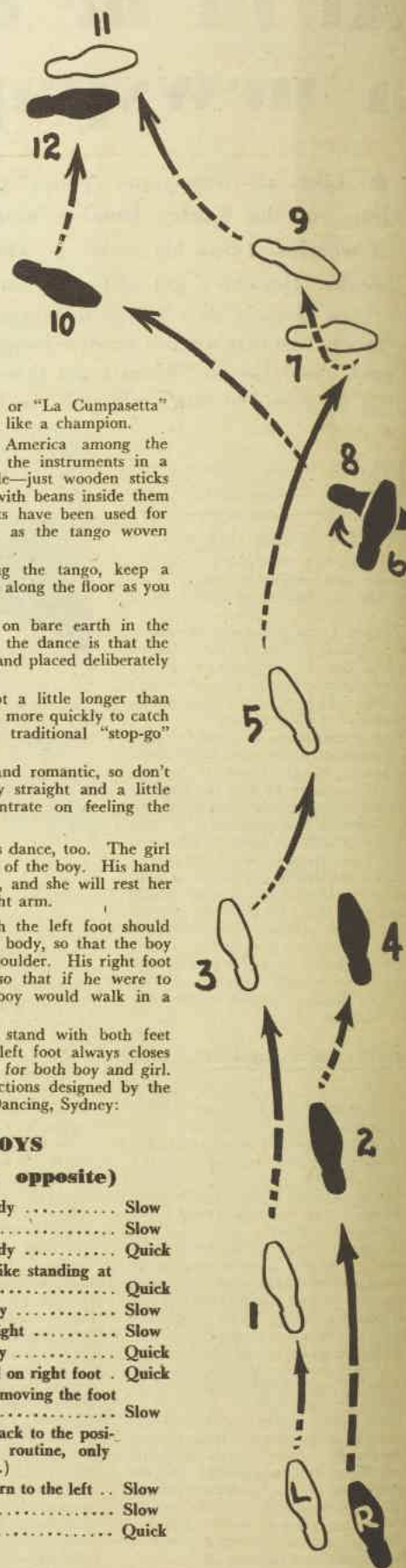
When you begin to dance, don't stand with both feet together as you do normally. The left foot always closes half a foot in front of the right foot, for both boy and girl.

So get set and follow these instructions designed by the George and Mavis Weiss School of Dancing, Sydney:

### STEPS FOR BOYS

(Girls move exactly opposite)

1. Left foot forward, across the body ..... Slow
2. Right foot forward ..... Slow
3. Left foot forward, across the body ..... Quick
4. Right foot to side of left foot (like standing at ease) ..... Quick
5. Left foot forward, across the body ..... Slow
6. Right foot forward, turning to right ..... Slow
7. Left foot to side and back slightly ..... Quick
8. Still turning to side, rock forward on right foot ..... Quick
9. Then rock back on left foot, just moving the foot a few inches ..... Slow
- (The next three steps you rock back to the position in which you started this routine, only farther along the ballroom floor.)
10. Right foot back, commencing a turn to the left .. Slow
11. Left foot to the side ..... Slow
12. Right foot closes to the left foot ..... Quick





● So you're both shy, and you don't know if he likes you. You like him, but you don't think a girl should make the first move. You wonder if it's any use suffering the agonies of uncertainty any longer.

By MARCH WINGATE

THE answer is no, because there's no real need for the suffering. Just let him know you like him and see what happens.

I don't suggest you should shout it from the rooftops or tell the newswoman down the street or the policeman on the corner—but Let Him Know.

If he's in his teens he'll be a bit shy, too, just like yourself. The nicest ones always are. You've got to help him.

If he has a sister, that's an ideal set-up. "Your brother is very nice" will do the trick, and the message will get home to him as fast as bush wireless.

"Whatever's nice about him?" the sister will ask you. "The charm of that animal leaves me completely unaware." "Oh, he's just nice," you reply. "But don't tell him what I said. Promise?"

His sister will rush home with wings on her heels, eyes aglow with gossip and mischief, but strangely loyal to both parties, because sisters love to have a hand in their brothers' affairs and are pastmasters at matchmaking.

"A perfectly decent girl thinks you're nice," she'll inform him the minute he puts his foot in the door. "Poor misguided girl. I'm trying to think up a good psychiatrist for her."

"What's supposed to be nice about me? And who is this chick with the such-good taste?"

"Her name is Sherralee. Her looks are good. But her I.Q. is obviously low if she digs you."

"And what did she say?"

"I can't remember it chorus and verse, but I can carry the tune. Anyway, you can find out for yourself—that's if she hasn't come to her senses by now. This was half an hour ago. People change."

Chances are that next time you meet

him the barriers of shyness will be down, and there'll be a cosy, taken-for-granted-we-like-each-other friendship.

He's shy, too, but now he knows you like him. He can be himself now. He may be a great guy at giving back-chat to his sister, but he's lost in the big world of other 'chaps' sisters.

Or he was lost. You've helped him a lot.

But NEVER tell a boy you love him until he asks. That comes much, much later in the piece, and there must be no Third Party Risk in that conversation. It's strictly for the lovebirds.

HE must do the asking and the telling when Like turns to Love.

### Boy-friends are useful

What if he has no sister? Well, it's a bit more difficult, but there are ways and means.

He may have a boy-friend known quite well to you. You can just lightly mention: "I'm not making any dates for Saturday because I'm sort of hoping Terry might phone me. But I don't suppose he will. Never mind, I'll stay home and make a dress."

You'll find that if you're a nice girl, other people like to know your thoughts, and they take a Sir Galahad delight in furthering your interests.

It could well go this way: "Terry, if you're not taking Sherralee out this Saturday, just give me the green light, because I think she's an angel with wings. Blue ones, shiny big blue wings."

"And I'll give you a shiny big blue nose if you put your snooty eyes on my girl. Of course I'm taking her out. Let's make a foursome, because that's the only way she'll go."

Sir Galahad can happily take the snub, because there's a bit of Sir Galahad in most boys. They like to see their plans pay off.

If there are no sisters, no friends, nobody but your two selves to solve the problem—the matter is still far from hopeless.

Why not wait until he buys your next ice-cream and then say, "You're pretty nice to me. I always seem to enjoy myself!"

Oh, what a dainty compliment. His ears will sing.

It's far more inviting and polite than just seizing his gift as a matter of course and silently scoffing it—leaving him to wonder if you have any sense of appreciation.

You owe him some thanks, even if the ice-cream only cost him eightpence, and this is your chance to express them prettily.

How deflating it must be for a boy to see "his" girl stretch out her hand for the gift with the cold, vacant look which says so expressively: "If-you-don't-someone-else-will-and-I've-got-money-in-my-purse-anyway."

Treating you to an ice-cream is a personal favor. Treat it as such, and seize the opportunity to let him know you like him.

I don't mean that you should be a forward girl. These tactics are for use on shy boys only—except that everyone ought to be thanked for an ice-cream.

ALWAYS let the boy set the pace, and NEVER throw yourself at him, or he'll shy away like a mountain deer and look for a girl who waits until she's asked.

Just make the most of your feminine intuition, which may forecast ac-

curately that he's even more shy than you are, and needs a little help.

Some boys aim to go through life without getting their faces slapped, and I don't blame them. But they can overdo the caution and rob a whole party of a lot of fun unless someone has the courage to say: "Untie yourself, Terry, the girl is not repelled by the sight of you."

And it might have to be you who'll do the saying.

### Don't forget mother

One can imagine several workable methods.

● On the phone: "Oh, Terry, I'm invited to a party, and I need a tall, dark, handsome partner, so they tell me. Will you be my guest?"

"Sure, but I'd rather be your host."

"Next time you can be, because I think you're the most. Heavens, that rhymes. I couldn't resist it."

● Terry's mother, meeting you in the street: "Hullo, Sherralee. I hope Terry looked after you nicely at the party?"

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Russell. Terry's the nicest boy to go out with."

You can be forgiven for sounding as if you're bunging it on, because mothers are very fond of their sons. And if you get in Mother's good books. Sherralee, believe me, she'll champion you above all others.

Next time he shuffles and blushes at home when his sister chaffs him, his mother will say with telling effect: "You don't know a nice girl when you see one, you ridiculous young man. That little Sherralee. I'd be happy to think you were with her. And the dear little creature likes you. Still, I suppose she'll get over it."

Pardon me, Sherralee, but I think your phone's ringing.

Let him know you like him

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 24, 1960

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# THE NEW HAIRCUTS

● Be one step ahead, boys, and have a look at the latest news from the top: "Short back and sides" has gone way, way out, and so has that long, lank "Presley" look. This season, it's the short, easy-to-manage hair that's really in, with one exception — the "Tony Armstrong-Jones" cut. Mr. Angelo De Marco, pictured at right in his Sydney salon, says that the old "Flat-tops" and "Square-cuts" are strictly for the squares. Below are the latest styles for young men about town.



"TONY ARMSTRONG-JONES," worn by Warren de Maria, of Randwick. The hair is brushed from a side parting with a "quiff."



"HUSKY." Jon Casben, of East Lindfield, shows one of the most popular new cuts. It has no part and is brushed straight forward.



"TEENAGE." Monty Fort, of Kings Cross, has his hair cut longer over forehead and brushed without a part towards one side of the head.



"PETER GUNN." For Barry De Marco, of Kingsgrove, the hair is slightly longer in front, brushed straight across from a side parting.



"COLLEGE BOY." Michael Rollins, of Cremorne, has his hair very short all over, and brushed to each side from a rough parting.



"CREW CUT." Jerry Laws, of Peakhurst, shows this now almost conservative style — very short, no parting. It's ideal for swimmers.



## LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

# Beat-jazz is his specialty

● When a rather stocky, rugged-looking character with blue eyes and a friendly grin looked through the door and said he was Johnny Byrell, something seemed faintly familiar.

AND no wonder, for just after he left school when he was more interested in journalism than in singing as a career he used to be an Australian Women's Weekly copy boy.

Since then a lot of things have happened to the now-21-year-old Johnny. His first disc, "Caravan," with its new beat-jazz sound, climbed to No. 8 in the National Top 40 some six months ago.

His new one, a Rex single with "St. Louis Blues" and a revival in the beat-jazz idiom of the old Sinatra number "Foggy Day in London Town," is just out.

With lots of TV experience in the eastern States ("Melbourne Tonight," "Hi-Fi Club," "Penthouse," "Bandstand," and "Six O'Clock Rock"), Johnny's off to Perth to do some TV there and to make personal appearances.

Like most singers, he has a clothes gimmick — but his is so conventional that it's positively unconventional.

Johnny wears English-style suits, a plain, slim tie, stiff white collars, and plain black, highly polished shoes.

He started his singing career when some friends pushed him on to the bandstand at a Sydney suburban dance.

"I just held on to the mike and sang 'Faith Can Move Mountains,'" Johnny said. "I

never opened my eyes all the time, but the applause made me think of singing as a career."

**Local talent:** If you've been following the progress of Melbourne's lively rock group The Thunderbirds and their teenage vocalists Billy O'Rourke and Billy Owens you'll be very happy with their Rex EP, "The Thunderbirds." Two O'Rourke songs, "Warrant For Your Arrest" and "Meet Me in the Alley, Sally," together with "Rock and Roll Baby" and "Answer Me," are featured.

**TENT-SHOW** star Slim Dusty makes his bow from a Columbia LP with a cover carrying a whacking great picture of Slim, complete with big pale hat, guitar, and autograph. A great round-up of some of the former Kempsey lad's more typical songs includes "Lonesome Road of Tears," "Roaring Wheels," "Since the Bushland Boogie Came This Way," Dick Carr and His Buckaroos give Slim their usual support.

**IT'S** good to see big-hearted Jimmy Little given his first LP, "You'll Never Walk Alone" (Festival). Songs are mostly of the quiet, serious type — "I Believe," "Bells of St. Mary's," with a couple like "Ol' Man River" and "That Lucky Old Sun" for variety. The Versatiles and The Graduates back Jimmy.

**Pops:** By this time just about everyone knows all about Brian Hyland, 16-year-old U.S. Brooklyn high-school boy, and his fantastic hit, "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polkadot Bikini" (London 45). But don't overlook the flip, "Don't Dilly Dally, Sally," for The Bashful Blond, as they're tagging Brian, makes it worth playing, too.

**AN** unusually attractive slow ballad pairing is Jim Reeves' own composition "I'm Gettin' Better" and "I Know One" (R.C.A. 45).

**AN** unconventional cha cha-accented two men and a girl vocal instrumental group,

**BEAT-JAZZ SINGER** Johnny Byrell (left), who used to be one of our copy boys, swaps jokes with our present copy girl and copy-boy, Kathy Hood and John Howard.

The Eloise Trio, hit the jackpot in the States with their single, "Chi Chi Merengue." It passed more or less unnoticed here, but you can get to know this high-spirited and inventive group with Festival's LP "The Eloise Trio." Some of the titles are "Chi Chi Merengue," "Coconut Woman," "Shake, Shake, Senore."

**FOUR** Bronx boys, Dion and the Belmonts, have been together for only two years, but in that time they've made a name with their pleasing ballad style and occasional livelier beat. "Wish Upon a Star" (Top Rank LP) is their first album and features among its better-known tracks "In the Still of the Night," "Paper Moon," "All the Things You Are." Composition of the group is: Dion (19), Fred Milano (19), Carlo Mastrangelo (20), and Angelo D'Aleo (18). Angelo is currently doing Navy service.

**EP pickings:** Careful buyers are finding all sorts of treasures in R.C.A.'s Gold Standard EP series, which specialises in past performances of lasting interest. A recent issue is "Benny and Ella," with the Goodman-Fitzgerald talents swinging

along together in "Goodnight My Love," "Take Another Guess," "Did You Mean It?" and "The Kingdom of Swing." Less important, but still a delight, is "Chet Atkins' Guitar," with "Blue Echo," "The Third Man Theme," "April in Portugal," and "Hidden Charm."

**Star turn:** A collector's disc of love songs bridging four centuries in time, "For My True Love" (Capitol LP) brings together celebrated Spanish guitarist Laurindo Almeida, who is heard here also on the lute, and mezzo-soprano Salli Terri. As well as traditional tunes, there are songs by de Falla, Faure, Scarlatti, Bach, and 16th-century Englishman John Dowland. The imported jacket is exceptionally charming.

**Classical:** With its triumphant "from the darkness into the light" theme, Beethoven's towering and fateful Fifth Symphony (C Minor) has come to be one of the best known and most popular of his works. The Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, under Eugen Jochum, gives a stirring account of this orchestral masterpiece. (D.G.G. monaural or stereo LP.) The overture from Beethoven's opera "Fidelio" is the fill.

## WORTH HEARING

### ELGAR: Enigma Variations

**THIS** orchestral theme-and-variations, first performed in 1899, established the name of Edward Elgar, the first important English-born composer to appear since the death of Henry Purcell more than two centuries before.

Elgar was the composer of the song "Land of Hope and Glory," and his noble, expansive music expressed perfectly the grandly optimistic mood of Edwardian England.

The variations are an "enigma" in two senses: each variation is a musical portrait of one of Elgar's friends, concealed under initials or a nickname; and the theme, Elgar said, combines in harmony with another well-known tune. The portraits, but not the tune, have all been identified.

Two current recordings of the work can be strongly recommended: one by conductor John Barbirolli with the Halle Orchestra (Pye), the other by Sargent and the London Symphony Orchestra (Decca).

— Martin Long



## OUR PIN-UP

### Dean Martin

● At the age of 43 and the father of six children, likeable, casual Dean Martin is expected to make more than a million dollars this year from movies, recordings, TV, and nightclubs.

AND one of the reasons for his high earnings is the continued support of a large teenage audience.

Dean, whose real name is Dino Crocetti, was born in a small Ohio town, where his father was a barber.

His main assets were a sense of humor and a capacity to remain unworried.

His humor led to the formation of the hugely successful Martin and Lewis movie comedy team, but his refusal to worry broke it up.

It seemed to Jerry Lewis in 1956 that he was doing all the worrying and Dean was playing all the golf.

Martin's reply was that his partner insisted on shouldering all the responsibilities, so he just played golf till it was time to turn up for engagements.

"I didn't have any idea how I'd do without Lewis," Dean said after the split. "But I was always cocky as a kid and I still had faith in myself."

Most people in show business thought Martin was finished.

He played a romantic singing role in "10,000 Bedrooms," then much to everybody's amazement was cast for a dramatic part in "The Young Lions."

Since then, the former "feed man" to the zany Lewis has gone from success to success.

There were the movies "Some Came Running" with his pal Frank Sinatra, and "Rio Bravo" with John Wayne.

And now comes the M.G.M. musical "The Bells Are Ringing," soon to be released in Australia, in which he stars with Judy Holliday.

● For a pin-up of Dean, turn to page 16.

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### Every record guaranteed

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## Summer patterns

# FOR YOUNG TEENS

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**5767.**—Spend happy days on the beach in the matched swimsuit-beach-jacket ensemble. The beach trunks are frilled for extra glamor. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

**5766.**—Take the noonday sun prettily in this bare-shoulder dress. The cute matching jacket has a white pique collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. stripe material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

**5770.**—Have at least a midriff, for you can figure flattery. Sizes 32 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.





**5768.**—Be the first to wear one of the new American-styled culotte skirts. This one has a matching sleeveless top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



**5769.**—Grace the courts in a short-cut tennis dress made with a flirty pleated skirt and tailored bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



**5771.**—To top the summer fashion list choose a front-buttoned one-piece. This one has a wide skirt and braid trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 2½yds. braid trim. Price 4/6.

one summer dress with a fitted bodice. This silhouette for teenage girls. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



# Louise Hunter Here's your answer

## Lonely boarders

"WE are two 16-year-old boys attending a boarding-school in Melbourne. This means that we are only allowed out at night three times a term and we don't get to meet very many girls. We attend dancing classes on Saturday nights, but most of the girls there are either too young or too old for us. Would you please tell us some ways that we might be able to meet more girls of our own age? Also, we both have pimples, so could you please tell us an effective way of removing these menacing things?"

"Lonesome Two," Vic.

Being at boarding-school means that there is no solution, that I can see, to either problem.

I know I sound dreary, and rather like a nark, but schoolboys should keep a schoolboy's place. A schoolboy's place is at school, working conscientiously, and at dancing school learning to dance with some degree of competency with girls of any age, shape, or size.

I couldn't agree with you more that it would be nice to know some more girls of your own age, but that looks to me rather like a pleasant holiday chore. Surely some members of your families know some girls of 16 to whom they can introduce you next time you're on holidays?

The pimples problem is suffered by most boys and girls of your age. It is ghastly, but again there is little you can do while you are at boarding-school.

Generally, pimples are improved if you can go on a diet of food like steak, salads, and lots of fresh fruit, cutting out butter, pastries, cakes, sweets, and other such fancies, but to suit your complexions you can't alter the boarding-school menu, designed to suit the whole school's nutritional needs.



"Daddy, will you please put this cotton-wool in your ears? I want to make a personal call."

However, you can spend your pocket-money on fruit, instead of sweets, and keep your skin scrupulously clean with lavish soap and warm water, and leave those pimples alone, so that your face doesn't get permanently scarred with drastic, unskilled treatment.

## Drunken father

"EVER since I can remember, my father has been coming home drunk and hitting my mother. I've heard them arguing till all hours in the morning. Two years ago she took us children with her and left him. Now they are back together again, because Mum wants security for us children. Last night I took my first lesson at a deportment school, and, because there was a transport hold-up, I was 20 minutes later home than expected and my father told me I couldn't go any more. After I had gone to bed, my father banged on my door and made me get up and come into the lounge-room while he called me dreadful names and told me what I could and could not do. I want to change my job and leave home. If I leave I'll have to take my dog with me; I wouldn't leave him behind for anything. Can I leave home at 17 without my father racing after me like a maniac? I have a girl-friend of 21 who will share a flat with me, but I'm worried about my dog. Has a girl of 17 any rights of freedom at all? Can you please advise me?"

"Nervous Wreck," N.S.W.

Girls of 17 have very definite rights of freedom. You should see the nearest Chamber Magistrate and talk to him about it. He will tell you exactly what you can do legally and advise you about what it would be wise for you to do.

Chamber Magistrates are attached to Courts of Petty Sessions. There is one in your district, but if that is not convenient there are also Chamber Magistrates attached to courts in or near the city. You'll find them listed under "Clerks of Petty Sessions" on page 14 of the new phone book.

Don't feel that it is a drastic step to go to see a Chamber Magistrate. It is no more drastic than writing to me. Chamber Magistrates are specially trained, wise men who know what girls in your circumstances should do for the best; they are most helpful; that is why I suggest you should see one.

But before you do, you should make up your mind about the dog. Give him to someone, someone you can visit occasionally. Landladies don't often allow dogs in flats, and probably your friend, too, would prefer you without the dog.

## Worried trio

"WE have a problem in front of us. There are three of us, all well up in our teens. We all live in a small district and our problem is that there is another girl about our age and she is most annoying. She has a habit of not minding her own business and comes out with the wrong things at the wrong

time. It is most embarrassing. She is not at all pretty, but gets all the boys she wants, and sometimes our boy-friends. Could you please advise us? We have tried to tell her, but it makes no difference, and we can't very well break our friendship, as all our parents are close friends."

W.A., R.W., I.W., S.A.

I don't know what you want my advice about, you haven't made it clear. I have a fair idea, though. A girl who is not pretty, who gets all the boys she wants, even yours, represents a problem, all right, but there's nothing you can say or advise her about. She doesn't want your advice, you want hers.

The three of you should watch her and take a leaf out of her book. Girls who aren't pretty often work harder for their men and keep them longer. They take an interest in their men and their interests, and it pays off for them.

Leave this girl alone. Don't give her any advice. Try to keep her friendship so that you all may learn something from her.

## Parental rules

"I HAVE been meeting a girl for the past three months. These meetings have not been secret, but without her father's knowledge. He will not permit her to go out with boys until she is 17 years old, which she won't be until October. Her mother died several years ago, and she is left to mind her two younger brothers and father. One of her, older brothers is also living at home. On a few occasions I have asked her to go out with me, but her father refuses. She goes out usually twice a week and is on night duty very often. I am 17. Could you please let me know how I could try and persuade her father to let her go out with me?"

F.P., Qld.

Parents make rules they consider are for the welfare and in the best interest of their children, not just to stop their pleasures.

Your girl-friend's father must have made this October rule for a good reason, and you must abide by it, or ask his permission to take her out occasionally before that.

When I say to ask her father's permission I mean to go direct to him, not to ask him through his daughter. Go and see him and ask. If he says no—well, it's not so long till October.

I think you should stop meeting the girl secretly. Secret meetings never stay secret very long, and if your girl's father finds out it will be the end of taking her out, probably even in October.

## Jealous boy

"I AM 19 years old. I have been going steady with a New Australian boy for two years. He is 20. He is very jealous and does not trust me. He won't let me go to see my girl-friends or talk to anybody else, and if I so much as look at another boy that I used to know he flies into a jealous rage and refuses to talk to me until I tell him over and over that nobody means anything to me but him. If I am a few minutes late home he accuses me of being with another boy, and sometimes he gets so cranky that he hits me. I love him very much, but I am beginning to feel like a nervous wreck. If I do anything that doesn't please him I get so upset that I just cry all the time. Could you please tell me whether I should keep going with him?"

"Brown Eyes," Vic.

Get rid of him. There is nothing guaranteed to promote misery and unhappiness like jealousy. It is unreasonable, cruel, an emotion almost like an

# A WORD FROM DEBBIE



MONDAY night is the night for a mighty beauty bath, for early-to-bed at the start of the week is the routine to make you beautiful and set you up for the gaieties of the week ahead.

Rub some cleansing cream into your face, fill the bath to the top and slide into its soothing warmth. If you haven't any cleansing or nourishing cream, rub in some of the cream out of the refrigerator, especially if it's a bit sour; or, if there is no cream, smooth in some of the top of the milk.

After you're clean, shiny, and relaxed, scrub your face lightly with the well-soaped nailbrush, and go over your legs with your soaped pumice stone to smooth away the shaved hair ends on your well-groomed legs.

While you're in the bath, do a few exercises. They are so much easier under water, especially the ones to strengthen your stomach muscles, reduce your waist.

Point your right foot, and pull your leg up, bending it until you touch your chin with your knee, left foot, right foot, five times; pull in your stomach muscles until you feel as if your front is touching your spine, at least five times; next turn your feet up at right angles, then point them quickly, 1, 2; 1, 2; till you've done this at least 10 times.

Water exercises make your hands more beautiful, too. First of all, from each wrist, shake each hand cupped under the water; next bend the fingers and thumb of each hand back, away from the palm, 10 times. Finally, if you've got the strength, press your hands down against the bottom of the tub; brace your toes against the end, and raise your body up with your hands supporting your weight. Five times, please.

After all this, climb out, pat yourself dry, use your favorite talcum, and go to bed for at least eight hours. Next day, you'll float through work, ready for anything.

incurable disease. When someone suffers with it to the extent your boy-friend does I can only see a long, hard road ahead of you. Make a clean break and cut your losses.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



## GET READY FOR

# SUMMER

By Carolyn Earle

● *Imagine your skin, your hair, your figure all going under the revealing eye of the microscope. That's what happens when you step out into clear summer sun. Every mark, every imperfection shows up unmercifully. Does this idea bother you?*



**I**F so, the smart thing to do is to start prettying up now so that you will be ready for summer when it does come. Let's cast a weather eye towards those vulnerable points mentioned.

**Skin:** If the skin of your arms and legs, kept under cover since the beginning of winter, is not pretty when you look at it again, do something about it in a hurry.

Mottling, gooseflesh, and unevenness of texture respond wonderfully—though not overnight—to washing with a soapy loofah or body brush, followed by a very light massage with a well-soaped pumice stone. Use a light circular movement, and don't go on too long or your skin may feel sore.

Another good gooseflesh "rub" is coarse, damp salt massaged well into the skin and then rinsed off thoroughly. When dry, rub in a little cream or

almond oil, but only as much as the skin will comfortably absorb.

If your skin is naturally oily, apply cream or oil to arms and legs only, and finish off the rest of you with light cologne or toilet water.

Feet, too, can be made fit to be seen in almost no time at all if you just take a little trouble in advance. Massage, oil rubs, and so on hold good for feet as well.

Or maybe your back is less than flawless? Young girls often suffer agonies of embarrassment over a spotty back. Fortunately, the sun itself is an excellent treatment for this, and if you do your sunning in small doses in the early days the chances are that, aided by a light cover-up preparation, you will be able to wear a backless swimsuit along with everyone else when the time comes.

**Hair:** Ask any lass who enjoys looking nice (who doesn't?), and she'll tell you that half the fun of outdoor

living depends on an easy-care hairdo that's simple to set.

Keep it as casual as you like (see picture above), but unless the hair is naturally wavy it generally needs a pre-summer permanent wave to hold any setting. If you are planning on a perm, start putting your hair in condition for it right away.

First, take a long look at your hair in a mirror under a strong light. Is it dry and brittle? Massage the scalp and hair with a hair-conditioning oil or cream before each shampoo.

Does your hair look dull and lustreless? Brushwork is the best way to make your hair shine. Every day, brush well and massage the scalp to nudge lazy oil glands into action. Follow your weekly shampoo with a creme rinse.

But, above all, do remember that seawater and sun are pretty rough on hair, and unless you give it some care and attention all the time you could easily wind up like Jeannie with the dull, dry hair that nobody dreams about.

**Figure:** If you've put on pounds, and inches during winter, shape up to summer with a simple diet and exercises you really enjoy.

A four-week programme of these can easily make that new swimsuit your favorite and most becoming garment.

Like people, diets vary considerably, but most agree on adequate helpings of meat, much fresh and cooked fruit and masses of vegetables of all sorts.

The tubby teen will find that if she only cuts down on fats for a little while and eats less sugar and starch those odd pounds will soon disappear.

Now, about exercise. Don't try to argue yourself out of it—five minutes a day is enough to help your shape and it makes a grand beginning to the day.

Sitting, walking, stooping, reaching are all good for your figure if you do them properly.

Besides doing these "invisible" exercises, pick out one or two active ones as a solid basis for daily figure work.

● Ripe fruit and fresh salads are staples of health-and-beauty eating. They are more quickly digested than heavier foods and, therefore, generate less body heat in summer. Always have at least one good hot dish each day, though.

● Sun-hats are all the rage again this year and they look pretty terrific perched over the eyes and saving the tip of the nose from too much of a good thing. The same goes for sunglasses — a must for protecting youthful eyes.

● Have you ever thought of creating your own simple, drip-dry hairdo? A page-boy, perhaps, that can be quickly converted into a French twist? Short hair is easiest of all to manage, but longer locks look pretty and cool worn high.

● Young elbows tend to become rough and discolored, but if you extend the hand-lotion habit to them you won't have to spend hours trying to make neglected elbows look presentable. Rub lotion on elbows before bathing.



# DEBS

## —and how to be one

● The first big social event in the lives of many Australian girls is when they make their debut and "come out" officially from the restrictions of childhood.



**DEBUTANTE** Lynette Tyrrell (left) being escorted from the archway of flowers by her father, Sgt. W. H. Tyrrell, the Police Department's public relations officer. Below, Michele O'Loughlin making her presentation curtsy. The official party, from left, is the Matron of Honor, Mrs. E. Barnes, the Governor, Sir Eric Woodward, Lady Woodward, flower-girl Randa Azkoul, Mrs. Delaney and her husband, Mr. C. J. Delaney, the N.S.W. Commissioner of Police.

**T**HE Debutante Ball is their first step into the ranks of mixed adult society and along the road which usually leads to matrimony.

Thousands of girls each year spend months of exciting preparations. They study fashion for their gowns, etiquette for the traditional presentation, and work hard to help their parents meet the cost.

Typical of these occasions this year was the Police Commissioner's Ball, and it was there we took the first four pictures on these pages.

All the deb's at the ball were trained by Miss Mabel Sykes, of Mosman, and presented to the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward.

Another Sydney expert on "coming-out" traditions and customs is Mr. George Weiss, and here is his advice to the aspiring deb:

"This is your first big night out, so behave quietly, speak softly, and — be dignified.

"Your dress must be young and simple. White is the traditional color for debutantes, but if dead-white does not suit you ask the matron of honor if you may wear a very pale pink or blue.

"Don't wear a strapless dress or one which has a very low neckline.

"Long white gloves are also traditional. It is best to wear no jewellery at all, though a string of pearls is permissible. But, and this is a must, no rhinestones or heavy ornamental bracelets."

Dress for the boys is usually a dinner suit and black tie and white gloves, with a small buttonhole — perhaps a white or red carnation—said Mr. Weiss.

All the debutantes carry identical bouquets of flowers, which they are required to pay for themselves. The matron of honor, who presents the debutantes to the official guest, also holds a bouquet, which is supplied by the ball committee.

The bouquet given by the flower-girls to the first lady in the official party is supplied by the florist or by the ball committee.

On the night of the ball, said Mr. Weiss, the deb's arrive about an hour before the presentation



Suppl

allion Women's Weekly — August 24, 1960





**THE DEBUTANTES' DANCE** at the Police Commissioner's Ball. Above, about to begin the ceremonial gavotte are (from left) Janice Saunders (escorted by Lloyd Mitchelson), Marilyn Wood (Russell Scott), Michele O'Loughlin (Ray Smith), Rhonda Stevens (Ron McDonald), Jeannette Case (Greg Bridges), and Gloria Lucas (Bob Landers). Below, Carolyn Douglas, Marie Carey, Dianne Douglas during the dance.



is due to begin. They must not enter the ballroom itself before the official party arrives, and usually are taken into another room to have their photographs taken.

As soon as the official guests arrive, the debts are assembled in an alcove or under an arch of flowers, where they are to begin their walk down the hall to be presented.

If the official party is Vice-Regal, the National Anthem is played as the party enters the room. When they are in position, the orchestra breaks into a soft, slow tune—"Sweet and Lovely" or "Stay As Sweet As You Are"—and the flower-girls begin to walk slowly down the red carpet.

As they reach the middle of the hall, the Master of Ceremonies announces their names.

The flower-girls walk to the official party, curtsy, and present their bouquet to the wife of the man who is receiving the debts. They then move round to join the party and wait for the debutantes.

As they curtsy, the matron of honor begins to move out from the alcove. She is announced by the M.C., and introduced to the official guests by a member of the ball committee, then moves round into her position ready to introduce each deb.

As the matron is taking up her position, the first deb and her partner begin their slow walk to the official party. They are announced by the M.C., and, as they approach, the boy moves back and to one side, so that the debutante is by herself.

When she is introduced by

#### **How to curtsy**

**PLACE** both feet together. Take the right foot round in a small circle behind the left leg so that the right knee is firmly placed behind the left knee. This gives you support as you go down to the floor. Keep your back straight and your head up.

the matron of honor to the official guest she curtsies, then moves across to her partner.

One important thing to remember — NEVER turn your back on the official party until you are back with your partner.

As each debutante curtsies, another begins to move down the hall, and, as she moves back to her partner, the preceding deb moves back down the hall away from the official party.

When the last deb has been presented they are all in position for the Debutantes' Dance.

The orchestra gives a roll of drums and the dance begins. It can be a waltz, or a Pride of Erin, or a gavotte. It must be slow and graceful. Modern ballroom dances are not suitable.

This concludes the ceremonial part of the evening, and the ball goes on normally.

There are other ways of presenting debts, but they vary only slightly from this, depending on the wishes of the ball committee.

## Made her own gown

● Another deb at another ball this Sydney season was 17-year-old Beverly Anderson.

**A**ND Beverly decided that when she made her curtsy before the Governor at the Grand Masonic Ball she would do so in a gown she had made herself.

"I wanted to save money," she said, "and I also wanted to be sure that no other debutante at the ball would have a dress like mine."

Save money she did. The dress cost her only £9. And the dress was exclusive, because she designed it herself.

At her home at Strathfield she told us how the cost of the dress worked out: "I found ten yards of figured parchment brocade for 10/- a yard at the sales for the main part of the dress, three yards of dull parchment satin at 20/- a yard for the overskirt and top, and two yards of vilene at 7/11 a yard for stiffening. That's £8/15/10. The rest of the money went on cottons and binding."

For her presentation Beverly chose an upswept style for her long brunette hair, light make-up, a double row of pearls with a diamante clasp, and long white kid gloves. A single huge white rose at her waist replaced the traditional ribbon bow sash.

Beverly is in the second term of her first year at Meadowbank Technical College, where she is learning dressmaking, millinery, flower-making, and leather work. She drew the design of her dress at the college, and her teacher helped her to cut out and fit the pattern. But the rest of the work Beverly did at home in the evenings.

We inspected Beverly's dress closely—the carefully finished seams, the meticulous attention to detail—and estimated it would have cost at least £50 to buy.

"I really took up dressmaking as a hobby," she said, "but now I've decided to make it my career."

And here is Beverly and the gown she made . . .





# TEENA<sup>®</sup> *by Linda Terry*



**A GUY says girls are made of**

## SUGAR AND SPIES...

● You know that old rhyme (or some sort of blankety-blank verse) about girls being made of "sugar and spice and all things nice"?

WELL, I'm prepared to admit that there's a lot of sugar to a "bag." After all, the average girl is prepared to spoon, she's inclined to tell the boys to like it or lump it, and she loafs in her job, making it a sweet cop.

But if you girls think the "spice" ingredient is true, then you're a nut, Meg!

What the author of the pretties' ditty meant to write was, of course, not "spice" but "SPIES."

The popular girlish pastime of snooping leads me to this conclusion. You don't believe there's a cloak and dagger in pretty well every girl's wardrobe?

It's true. Why, it's so widespread that most lasses could claim the Scarlet Pimpernel as their Alma Mater (Hari)!

I will now do boys a (secret) ser-

vice by revealing the results of MY undercover work on girls' spying in this day and (espion)age...

For instance, it puzzles most boys how girls in an office can know even the most personal details about a new male worker before he has finished his first day.

### The girl he will marry

I LOVE reading your columns, Robin, and appreciate your valiant attempts to improve the female sex. I'm sure some of my "feminine" faults have been corrected as a result of reading your column. However, this time a girl has something to say to you. Even though the girl you finally "choose" may be void of all the faults you mention, I can say this: she definitely will not be feminine.—"BABS," Brisbane.

How do girls find out all this information? Oh, my heavens, they're crafty!

Now, they know that if one girl bombarded the boy with questions he would clam up after the first couple of queries.

So the questions are spread around a gaggle of girls, who proceed to slip them innocently into conversations.

For instance, the spy posing as a tea-maker waits until she has lulled the victim into a sense of false security with talk of milk and sugar.

Then casually she says, "Haven't I seen you at the Hurrayville?"

"Oh, no," says the sucker. "I don't dance."

So it goes on, until by the end of the day the word is passed around. And the "word" is a mouthful!

And, like their political and military colleagues, my M.I. (Chanel No.) 5 girls use code to cover up their activities.

Poor Joe never knows why his office romance with a tea-girl suddenly became as cool as the liquid she dispensed—even though his engaged state was exposed under his very nose.

What happened was simply that, as he and his morning (tea) glory were having a tete-a-tea, another girl told her cryptically, but meaningfully, "Snake-Eyes (Joe, of course) is off-limits."

The blabbermouth had heard about Joe's fiancée from another girl in the office Joe used to work in.

This points up to another girl-spy gambit—the grapevine.

Under the guise of having lunch in the park, agents from different places meet.

Yes, many a top secret is exchanged with a sandwich!

Girls spy on each other, too, of course.

Agents' reports on such secrets as dyed hair, details of dates, and stolen engagement and wedding plans are well paid for with popularity.

The brilliance of these spies is proved by the fact that they are never caught.

Why, the only wall a girl snooper is ever likely to stand up against is, when she's a housewife, the backyard fence—to spy!

Well, that's my dossier on the Bulldog Drummond dames.

You're not guilty, you say?

There's always a chance you will be.

—Robin Adair



## OTHER GIRLS' JOBS

# A secretary who never types letters

By Winifred Munday

● There are about 10,000 different journals in the world dealing with every aspect of medicine and surgery—and some of these are read almost every working day by 20-year-old Halley McIntyre.

**H**ALLEY, a pretty brunette, is the only research secretary at Sydney University, and her job at the Queen Elizabeth II Institute for Mothers and Infants is so new that the title "research secretary" is not yet even classified.

With all the secretarial qualifications — shorthand, typing, some knowledge of the law — Halley also has a solid background knowledge of physics and biology, the two subjects that make her so suitable for her job.

"As a matter of fact," said Halley, "I never type a letter."

"Most of my work consists of analysing and researching into medical publications for the doctors and investigators, preparing articles for publication in medical journals from the notes supplied by my bosses, and taking notes when they are carrying out experiments in the laboratories here."

Experiments in this particular department deal with endocrinology, cancer in women, and ultra-sonics.

Ultra-sonic vibration is the latest field of experiment for replacing X-raying of expectant mothers, which is believed to cause damage to their unborn babies.

"When an experiment is in progress I can help save valuable time," she said.

"For instance, suppose the experiment is in some aspect of skin disease."

"A secretary with no knowledge of biology could find mountains of material on skin diseases which would take the investigator hours to go through."

"My training and knowledge enable me to sort out the bare essentials, so saving precious time for the investigator to do more important research work."

Not only does Halley have to understand what she is reading, she also has to spell the complicated medical words correctly!

Part of her job is to prepare, from her bosses' notes, articles for

publication, so she must know exactly what a hundred different editors want, and exactly how to set the material out, down to the last comma and full stop.

"Naturally, when I prepare an article for publication, I have to ensure that it reaches the widest possible audience," she said.

"That means I must keep an eye on what is going on throughout the world, not only so that the research done here reaches a wide audience, but also to ensure that our work has not been duplicated."

"It would be a waste of valuable time and money if the research the investigators were engaged in here had already been done elsewhere."

"So I have to keep up with all the latest medical developments in the subjects that interest the Institute."

Halley's working surroundings are a curious mixture of laboratory, library, and conventional office. She is learning as much about the intricacies of an electron microscope or an ultra-sonic vibrator as she knows about the workings of a typewriter.

"I don't think any secretary in Sydney could have a more varied job than mine, or work with more absorbingly interesting people," she said.

And what does this secretary who never types a letter earn? Almost £1000 a year.

Halley finds fun and relaxation in the flat she shares with three other girls — a journalist, a hair-stylist, and a bank clerk — at Strathfield.

"I love classical and good jazz music, and collect records. I also play the piano and paint and draw."

She hopes to study medicine herself . . . "But I want a bit of fun and leisure first," she said.



HALLEY McINTYRE at work. Above, searching for an article in the University's medical library. Left, taking notes while research worker Robert Malcolm examines a microscope slide. Below, discussing an article with Mr. Sardool Singh, of Punjab, who is doing research in genetics at the Institute.







**DEAN MARTIN**



# I should have met you first

HE was somewhat breathless as he stood before her door, and he waited a moment before buzzing, making an effort at composure. He had always felt rather awkward in her presence, and immaturely young, although they were the same age.

When she opened the door and he saw her again after the four long years, he was unable to speak.

"David," she said very softly, and her arms reached out, with all the well-remembered warmth and love flowing out to him. His throat constricted and he held her wordlessly, annoyed that he had wasted so much time, had let an absurd sense of honor keep him from her.

She led him into the attractive hotel suite, saying, "A poor place but mine own," giving him a wry smile. "Actually it's anything but poor. It costs a fortune. Thank heaven Martin can afford it. He's really making a mint out of that little gadget he invented, isn't he? I never have understood what it was. Is it used in drilling for oil, or water, or what?"

He said stiffly, "I'm not quite sure," not wanting to discuss his brother.

She said, "Come sit beside me. It feels like home now, with you here. I cried myself to sleep last night in this impersonal place, and today I scurried out and bought flowers and things and did what I could to make it mine."

He said, "You always had a genius for that," and found himself remembering how she had worked to make the Texas place attractive, to make it "her own." He recalled the time she had spent on redecorating, the hours she devoted to planning parties, and how tirelessly she played the gay-hostess role.

He remembered with anguish the time he had first kissed her, and he could still smell the moist, earthy odor of the potting-shed, and see her slim, graceful hands snipping and arranging flowers.

She had said, "Someone has to bring a touch of femininity and civilisation to this barren house. At home it used to be such fun. We had such a pretty house and it was always overrun with young people. Your brother thinks I'm mad, to say nothing of extravagant. You're the only one who understands."

He had said, fighting against his feeling for her, trying to be fair. "He works hard. Mostly for himself, I suppose, but a great deal for you, Jen. He wants to be able to give you everything."

"But, David, all I want is for us to have some of the nice things while we're young enough to enjoy them. Oh, I know I shouldn't criticise Martin to you. You've always idolised him."

He had wondered, with an uncomfortable new awareness and doubt, "Do I really idolise him? It seems more like envy that I feel for him now."

He said, "Martin's a great guy. You can't know how wonderful he has been to me."

She put down the garden shears and placed her hand against his cheek. "David, I know how you feel about him. And I love you for it."

It had been too much for him, and he pulled her into his arms and kissed her, transported beyond any consideration of loyalty or reason. That first kiss was to be forever tattooed on his mind.

He had writhed with shame and disloyalty through a restless night, and the next day had invented an excuse

to leave. But he'd gone back again, of course, the next year and the next.

He said now, "You look fine, Jennifer." At thirty she was as beautiful as she had been at twenty-two, when she married Martin; her green-gold hair, her green-blue eyes, and her lovely face and body were just as he'd remembered them.

She said, "Do I? I'm glad. I haven't been very happy, you know."

"Neither have I, for that matter."

She put her hand over his. "Haven't you, darling? I've thought of you often and wondered about you. Martin's been happy enough, I dare say now that he has precious Elsie."

David said roughly, "Must we talk about Martin?" He hadn't wanted to talk or think about Martin for a long time, hadn't even seen him since before the divorce four years ago. There are areas of memory too sensitive to touch.

He had been very young when his mother died, and his father had been happy to let Martin take over the care of his much younger brother. Martin had taken this duty seriously, and to David, Martin had been his mother, father, hero, the law, and the last word.

When their father died, Martin had resisted all the relatives who offered to take David off his hands. "I can take care of him," the twenty-two-year-old Martin said flatly. So the brothers had stayed on together at the old homestead, and Martin had given up his plans for graduate work, and got an engineering job with an oil company. When he learned David had his heart set on going east to college, he had cashed in bonds from the meagre supply left by their father, mortgaged the homestead, and sent David to Princeton.

Jennifer said, "Ah, forgive me, David. I know. And I mustn't be bitter about Martin. Maybe he gave all the best that was in him to you, and didn't have much left for me."

She got up, bending over to place a light, mothlike kiss on his forehead. "Anyway, this is a happy occasion. I'll fix a drink to celebrate."

He watched her cross the room to the kitchen of this handsome suite she had moved into yesterday. He had always had a complete admiration for her from the first time he'd laid eyes on her, that first summer after he'd graduated and gone home.

Martin had written him about her, of course, but in his usual stolid fashion had said merely, "When I was in California for the company last time I met a girl from the east. Not exactly my type, but quite a knockout. Maybe you'll see her when you come home this summer. She wants to visit Texas."

David had arrived to find they had suddenly decided to get married two days before, and his instant reaction had been to think how unlike the careful and methodical Martin that was. He had been quite unprepared for Jennifer, having expected a brittle, sophisticated beauty, not the soft-voiced, twinkling, completely enchanting girl she had turned out to be. His first wrenching thought had been, "But you're just the girl I've always wanted. Why didn't you wait for me?" Superimposed on the absurdity of that was the thought of Elsie Bannister, the girl everyone had expected Martin to marry.

Jennifer came back from the kitchen with two tall,

frosty drinks. "I couldn't believe my luck when I called today and found you in. Imagine an attractive, eligible man like you being free for the evening."

He said, "I wish I were free for the evening. As I told you, I have this dinner date with Fred Corwin. If it had been anyone but the firm's newest and biggest client, I would have put him off."

She had come to sit beside him again. "Well, at least we have some time before he comes to take you away. And I'll be here for quite a while. Boston became impossible. The family was always in my hair, clucking over me as if I'd acquired a fatal illness instead of simply a divorce. And none of my friends seemed to want to have an unattached woman around. So I decided I'd come to New York and start a new life. You don't know how wonderful it was to find you were still here and still—well, unattached. Or are you? Do you have a girl?"

He thought of all the girls he known since he'd first laid eyes on Jennifer, all the nice, attractive girls who'd never amounted to anything more than a pleasant diversion.

He said, "Oh, sure. Thousands!"

She said, "No, but seriously, I want to know everything about you. Isn't there one special one?"

He said almost impatiently, "Oh, there's a girl in the office I see a bit of. Connie Barstow. I'm fond of her, but I assure you it's nothing serious."

She said, "I'm glad you're not serious about anyone."

He said, "Jennifer, for heaven's sake, don't you know what's been going on with me all these years? Haven't you any idea what it means to love someone like you, and to feel guilty about it, but never be able to forget it?"

She said, "Then why didn't you come to see me in all this time? I thought you were hating me for leaving Martin. Remember how you pleaded with me not to divorce him?"

Of course he had pleaded with her. What else in all decency could he have done? Not that he'd always acted with decency where his brother's marriage was concerned. He said, "I guess I was afraid you'd had enough of the Ainsley family."

But it hadn't really been that. Some belated sense of honor kept him from pursuing her. Or had it been mainly guilt, a fear that he had been the cause of the break-up of his brother's marriage? Perhaps that was why he had avoided seeing Martin since the divorce, even though he told himself it was because he resented the way Martin had acted.

Jennifer turned to him with a brooding look. She said, "I should have met you first. You were the one I should have married."

Excitement pounded through him and he wondered, is it too late? Could we now—with decency? Martin has another wife; the world shouldn't begrudge me his former one.

She picked up their glasses, and while she was in the kitchen he remembered the first time she had said to him, "I should have met you first."

He had sensed something was wrong between his brother and Jennifer that second summer he'd gone

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*Suddenly his arms were tight around her and Jennifer was whispering,  
"Oh, David, you don't know how I've missed you."*



back. He had arrived in a happy state, full of satisfaction at how well his new job in New York was going and excited at being near Jennifer.

She had said, "David, darling!" coming to him with arms and warmth and love reaching out to him. He had felt very young and foolish, knowing she must sense how he was quivering in her feather-soft embrace, and he wondered if his brother could see the guilt of desire on his face. It had worried him for the rest of his stay, because Martin had been more uncommunicative than usual.

He had had very little opportunity to be alone with Jennifer. She had planned all manner of festivities for his visit.

She said to him in the midst of the last party, when Martin had seemed particularly cold and inhospitable: "Martin can't seem to understand that I do this because I want his friends to like me. I've even included Elsie Bannister in all the parties. I don't want people to think I might be unfriendly just because Elsie was Martin's girl."

He had felt then the first twinges of resentment toward Martin, who didn't appreciate the outgoing warmth of the girl he'd married. He wondered why Elsie bothered to come to the parties, and decided it must be a face-saving gesture. He had always liked Elsie, and he admired the calm front she presented to hide her heartbreak.

Martin had retired from the party early and David had taken over as host, feeling an odd sense of intimacy with Jennifer, as if he were suddenly the husband. The party didn't break up till three, and when the last guest had departed Jennifer had started to clear away glasses.

She said, "Don't you think people thought it odd that Martin went off to bed hours ago? Can't he see how things like that embarrass me?"

David said, "But he explained it was because he has to get out to the field so early. Everyone understands."

She said tightly, "I wish I did!" And then suddenly she started to cry.

He led her to a sofa, and she wiped at her tears with a small lace handkerchief. She said, "The reason Martin left the party was because he said I was making a disgusting exhibition of myself. Was I, David? Was I? All I was trying to do was make everybody have a good time, make them like me for myself, not feel they have to just because of Martin."

He had felt a great surge of rage toward Martin. He said, "That was pretty rotten of him. No one could have been nicer — lovelier — than you were tonight. He should be so proud of you."

She said softly, "Oh, David!" And while their eyes met and held she said, "I should have met you first."

He had sat there unable to say a word, while his blood pounded so violently in his ears he was sure it must be audible to her. And then they heard Martin calling from the top of the stairs, "Jennifer? Is that David with you? Why don't you let the kid get some sleep?"

David felt his blood pounding again, with anger this time, and he realised that if Martin had been near he would have hit him.

Jennifer came back with the drinks now and sat beside him again. She said, "Isn't it funny how things turn out? There I was, pining to do everything right so all those people who thought I'd stolen Martin from Elsie would like me. What did Elsie have that I didn't have?"

He said, "You're certainly not jealous of Elsie, are you? Martin married you because he loved you. He would have married Elsie in the first place if he had preferred her."

She said, "Don't be naive. I

## Continuing . . . I SHOULD HAVE MET YOU FIRST

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had to practically seduce him to get him to marry me. He had that stupid Elsie on his mind."

He said unhappily, "Don't talk that way. It's not like you. Did you love Martin so much?"

She stared at him and her face had a lost, wan look. "Love? It was probably rebound. I told you about that before. How I broke my engagement to a man in Boston, Wes Girard, and ran off to California. When I met Martin he seemed so different from Wes — strong and good, the kind of man I thought I needed. Only it turned out he wasn't all I thought he was."

TRYING to be fair, as he had tried all during the four years of the marriage, he said, "Martin is strong and good basically. Perhaps he wasn't the right man for you."

She said, "Well, he's no doubt happy now. And Elsie must be divinely happy. She was after him long enough. And two children in a little over three years!"

He wanted to say, "Don't be so bitter. I know Martin hurt you in many ways, but don't think about it now. Be the way you used to be when I couldn't wait to see you."

He had lived for the vacations he spent with them. All the way in the plane his heart would seem to be breathlessly out of position, and when Jennifer greeted him with warm delight the air about him would be charged with magic. She always had gala doings lined up for his visit, but after those first two years Elsie didn't come to the parties any more.

Once David had said to Martin, "How is Elsie? I haven't seen her the last few times."

Martin had reddened and said rather gruffly, "I guess she just doesn't feel like coming around any more."

David had found himself wondering if Martin was seeing Elsie. And while he was almost despising Martin if it should be so, he was also, in the horrible split-personality way he had developed, hoping it was true.

He had run into Elsie in town one day on his last visit there, the summer before the divorce. He was hurrying to meet Jennifer at the parking lot, full of the thought of her and the whole evening ahead of them without Martin, who had had a sudden call away.

Elsie had said warmly, "Hello David," and then unaccountably had blushed.

He'd said, "Well, hello! Where have you been keeping yourself?"

She had seemed embarrassed and avoided meeting his eyes. "Well, I've been busy, David. And I'm in a rush now. I'll see you."

She had left him with a small, self-conscious farewell wave, and he had stood for a moment watching her go, wondering again if she and Martin were meeting secretly. And then he put Elsie out of his mind and hurried on to meet Jennifer.

They had had dinner on the shaded terrace, and sat there long after twilight had fallen. He had been wonderfully happy having Jennifer all to himself and yet conscious of the undercurrent of guilt that he felt this way about his brother's wife.

She had sat beside him on the terrace, stretched out on a chaise, wearing a filmy sea-green dress. In the semi-gloom the color of her dress and hair and eyes had seemed to blend together, giving her a dream-like quality. She had been telling him about her youth and her family, her voice soft with nostalgia.

"It was such a pretty, lovely house, and I had a room

straight out of a fairy-tale. I had come along late in my parents' life, and their only other child, my sister Bess, was fifteen years older than I. Poor Bess is rather homely, one of those good, worthy, dull souls destined to be a spinster. I was a pretty child and they all spoiled me dreadfully. It was as if they had all entered into a conspiracy to keep the harsh facts of life from me."

She said, "I had a marvelous time. There were parties, parties, all the time. Then I grew up and boys began looking at me that way. You know,

upon him. 'I don't know what to do. I can't go on this way.'"

He had felt he couldn't bear it to see her so unhappy. He had wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her, but he had stayed in his chair and said, "Don't you love Martin?"

In the twilight her eyes had looked blind. She said, "He's not the kind of man I thought he was. He's crude, he's — oh, I don't know! When I met him I thought he was what I needed — he seemed so good and kind. But he doesn't understand a woman needs subtlety and gentleness and patience and —"

He's like Wes. I guess I popped out of the frying-pan into the fire."

him that she was going to divorce Martin. He'd called and pleaded with her not to do it, and she'd said nothing could dissuade her.

He had built up quite a defensive resentment toward Martin. If Martin hadn't treated Jennifer so shabbily, none of it would have happened. He was outraged when Martin wrote some months later that he was going to marry Elsie.

He hadn't gone to the wedding, though he'd sent a handsome gift, nor did he accept any of their invitations to visit them. He'd sent presents when the babies were born, and always on birthdays and holidays, sometimes wondering uneasily if they were too opulent. Another thing not to think about — whether you were trying to ease your conscience with expensive gifts. And it was perhaps that same queasiness of conscience that kept him from Jennifer after she wrote that she'd gone back to Boston.

She sat beside him now with a fallen wisp of hair across her forehead. She had said, "Ah, darling, remember that last time? I couldn't believe you'd gone away without a word to me."

He said, "There wasn't anything I could do but run. I've carried guilt around with me for years."

She said, "I've missed you," and suddenly his arms were tight around her. And the door-bell buzzed.

She drew away, sighing. "That's probably your man now."

She went to open the door, saying, "Oh, how nice to meet a friend of David's!"

David made the introductions, and Fred Corwin came in radiating good cheer and good fellowship. He was about fifty, with a good-looking, open-air kind of face, dressed carefully in an expensive suit.

He said, "When Ainsley called and asked me to meet him here I was a bit dubious about the whole thing, but meeting you is purely a pleasure, ma'am. He said 'Mrs. Ainsley.' Now, does that make you his wife or his mother?" He laughed hugely. "That's purely a joke, ma'am."

David writhed inwardly, thinking, "Is he always this corny and crude?" He looked apprehensively toward Jennifer, hoping she wasn't offended, but she was laughing delightedly.

She said, "Why, neither, Mr. Corwin, sir. I'm his ex-sister-in-law."

Corwin beamed. "Well, fine. I'm from Oklahoma, ma'am, and we've just given all our worldly interests into the hands of this young sprout's company and I have to come East now and then to check up. Do you think we're doing right, entrusting ourselves to Ainsley?"

She said, "Oh, he's the finest in his line, without a doubt." She turned to David. "Remind me to ask you some time exactly what it is you do."

Corwin laughed. "You've got a great sense of humor, little lady," he said. "My brand of humor."

To David he said, "I don't know how you could plan to leave this charming lady just for a date with me."

David thought hotly, "You know quite well how, you shrewd, corny old fool." Again he glanced apprehensively toward Jennifer, but she was smiling the enchanting smile; and, while he watched, her arms went out in the familiar, embracing gesture, with warmth and love flowing out to both him and Corwin.

"You mustn't both dash off immediately," she said. "Let me fix you a drink first."

Corwin said, "A capital idea. Allow me to help, dear lady."

He followed her into the kitchen and David sat fuming, thinking after a while, "What's taking them so long?"

They came out finally, laughing over some private joke.

Jennifer said, "Oh, David, he's the funniest, most marvelous man! I haven't felt so good in a thousand years."

He looked at her sharply to see if she was ribbing him, but she was regarding Corwin with a wistful expression. And suddenly David wanted to get up and tell Corwin to get out and take his business elsewhere.

He made an effort to leave, saying to Corwin, "Don't you think we should go?"

Corwin said, "Shank of the evening, boy. Give me your glass."

When Corwin had gone to the kitchen, David gripped Jennifer's arm. "You don't have to lay it on so thick," he said stiffly.

"But, darling, I'm only trying to make him feel good, to make him like me — on your account. For heaven's sake, don't act like your big brother."

She left him and went to join Corwin, closing the door after her. Now and then he could hear sounds from the kitchen, small bursts of laughter, the murmur of their voices. He thought, "I've got to stop this," and got up heavily and went across to the closed door. And just as he got there he heard Jennifer say, "Oh, Mr. Corwin, sir, I surely should have met you first."

It stopped him dead, and angry blood surged through his body. "This is what she did to Martin," he thought, and he was suddenly seeing it all through Martin's eyes. How long could you stand watching your wife offer love, or her version of love, to every man who looked at her?

MARTIN had needed and wanted a wife — not a charming, superficial creature who spread her enchantment indiscriminately. Jennifer, he began to see, was forever looking for a cardboard lover, who would demand nothing more from her than her devoted family had, someone who would make her once again a fairy-tale princess.

He went slowly back across the room and sank heavily into a chair. He was thinking of Martin for the first time in years with respect and liking.

And for the first time in years he no longer felt the burden of guilt. He wouldn't have to grapple with his conscience any longer, forever closing his mind to the nagging worry that he had broken up his brother's marriage. With a girl like Jennifer the marriage had never had a chance.

His anger was gone. Toward Jennifer now he felt only an immense pity. She was not the warm, loving woman he had thought her; she was a paper valentine with a painted heart.

The kitchen door opened and they came out, and David got up and said, "Don't you think we'd better get going?"

Corwin said, "You bet." He turned to Jennifer. "A darn shame we can't ask you along, little lady. Perhaps another time you'd allow me to return your hospitality."

David said, "Thanks for everything, Jen. I'll call you."

She stared at him, looking a little lost, a little haggard, a little desperate. Then her eyes shifted. She said, "Yes, darling. Please call me." But she was looking at Corwin when she said it.

While they waited for the elevator David scarcely listened to Corwin's chatter. He was thinking of Texas and of Martin, wondering if it would be an idea to go out there on his vacation.

Perhaps after he got rid of Corwin it mightn't be too late to call Connie and have a night-cap with her. The thought of her normal, feminine niceness was suddenly like a cool, refreshing breath of air on a sultry day.

(Copyright)

## Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"MARINA." — Useful frock for summer days in button-through style. Material is woven check gingham in blue and white, lemon and white, mauve and white, pink and white, and black and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 71/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 40/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/3.

Postage 4/6.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

I was flattered, of course, but it was kind of frightening. I wasn't ready for it yet. And then Wes Girard came along, and he was nice, I thought, and before I knew it I was engaged."

David had said, feeling jealous, "Did you love him?"

"Well, I suppose I did, darling. Or thought I did. All my friends were engaged or going steady and Wes was considered quite a catch and my family approved of him. But he was always grabbing at me, and it became too hideous to bear. At the thought of a lifetime of that I revolted and broke my engagement."

David said, "And met Martin."

She said, "Yes." Then suddenly she gave a sob and turned a lost, bewildered look

What could you say at a time like that to the woman you loved, who happened to be the wife of your brother? And what could you do about the awful churning desire in you that made you want to kiss her wildly?

Then she said, "But you're different. You're sensitive and gentle. Now I see that my marriage to Martin was terribly wrong."

He had sat here, watching her in the dimness, while a fearful battle went on inside him. But he made no move toward her, and when the candles had burned down he made a lame excuse and left her.

At dawn he'd packed his things and fled quietly from the sleeping house. He hadn't even left a note for her.

A month later she'd written



# The first all-in-one moisturising make-up

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Only Helena Rubinstein could pamper every complexion  
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"Young Touch" is the perfect compact make-up. Specially created by Helena Rubinstein, "Young Touch" is the first exclusive blend of powder and moisturising foundation that protects the skin's natural moisture and oils. It never dries your skin like some other compacts.

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Smart, fashion-conscious women will love the new "ORCHID GLOW" shade and there are seven other fabulous shades to choose from.

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See the new "ORCHID GLOW" Silk Screen Face Powder shade to match "Young Touch" "ORCHID GLOW."

Helena Rubinstein's 'Young Touch' is available at all leading city stores and authorised agents throughout the Commonwealth.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1960



REFILL with puff, 9/6

COMPACT, complete,  
with mirror and puff, 16/3

Silk Screen Face Powder, 11/6.



## Shampoo'd with Sunsilk just a few hours ago!

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Also in  
handy bubbles

PEARS **Sunsilk** SHAMPOO

gleaming, more manageable hair  
with only one lather

Continuing . . .

## MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 29

Shortly afterwards, English voices began to shriek through the courtyard. The children of the Western diplomats—French, American, British, Argentinian, Swedish—had arrived home from their Anglo-American school. This was decidedly the noisiest group. Except for a brief pause when they were having their lunch or tea, they war-whooped through the afternoon with cowboy whistles, Indian death-cries, the jangle of bicycle bells, and the toot of miniature motor-car horns.

They raced up and down the yard with their bows and arrows, their toy pistols, and their spaceguns.

Miss Bagshot never made up her mind what the difference between the two groups was. She would not have said that the morning group was over-disciplined. They ran and shouted and played with normal childish enthusiasm. Nor was the afternoon group completely undisciplined. They tired themselves out, and went off to bed meekly enough when their mothers came to suggest it. And yet there was a difference. Miss Bagshot sometimes wondered how these games and their individual methods of playing them would affect all these children in later life.

Although Miss Bagshot gradually learnt their names, only one was conscious of her presence. This was Kolya, the son of a Bulgarian diplomat, and the bully of the yard. It was Kolya who pulled the girls' pig-tails; Kolya who grabbed the workmen's hose and turned it on his friends; Kolya who fired the catapult at the windows.

ONE morning, when Kolya had the yard to himself for a few moments he gave way to a temptation which had long obsessed him. He climbed into the driver's seat of one of the cars parked in the yard and let off the brakes. The car rolled down a slight slope, gathered speed, and made for the concrete wall. Kolya tried to pull on the brake. With a crash that he thought must be the end of the world, the bumper-bar rammed into the wall.

Kolya climbed out and surveyed the damage. One headlight was broken, a mudguard was scratched, and the bumper-bar bent, but no one seemed to have heard the crash. Kolya hesitated for a second and then began to run. He had almost reached the safety of the entrance to his staircase when a stern voice called to him from somewhere above. It was like a bourgeois god thundering at him from the clouds.

The voice was speaking to him in English, a language he did not understand, but Kolya knew quiet well what it was saying and was only surprised that it called him by his own name. He crept into the block and peeped through the landing window. All he could see was a frail old lady standing on a balcony behind some runner-bean shoots. But Kolya was worried and could not eat his lunch.

When he came back into the yard in his grey school uniform with his satchel, there was a group of men standing round the car talking. Kolya glanced up at the balcony on the fourth floor and the old lady was still there. She shook her finger at

him and he slunk off to school, fearing the worst.

The old lady would tell the men and they would tell his parents. He had nightmares for the first time in his life. For days, Kolya waited for the blow to fall.

And nothing happened. Kolya could not understand it. The uncanny feeling that he was being watched every minute persisted.

When he had almost convinced himself that she had gone away and was no longer watching everything he did, Kolya was startled one day to find a toffee in bright red paper had bounced at his feet. He picked it up and peered up at the balcony to express his gratitude, not so much for the sweet but for the forgiveness that went with it.

He never saw the old lady again, although, every afternoon on his way to school, he stopped at the archway and waved towards the balcony, hoping she would see him. He thought about her a lot, first as an enemy and then as a friend, but he never mentioned her to anyone.

As Miss Bagshot sat on her fourth floor balcony, placidly mending and watching over the simple yet complicated young lives being formed below her, she was completely unaware that she herself was the subject of much discussion and speculation in various parts of Moscow. Only two hundred yards away in the militiaman's sentry box beside the archway leading into the courtyard, an inspector had already examined the day books and questioned the duty militiaman closely.

"There is no one in the block who is not accounted for, Comrade Captain," the stocky young militiaman repeated. "Sometimes, it is true, when these diplomats give parties, we cannot be expected to know all their guests. But we always follow our system of checking the number of strangers who come in with those who go out . . ."

"Yes, yes," said the captain irritably, "but just in case you have made a mistake, gone to sleep, slipped up, any way you like to put it, is there no system of checking within the building itself?"

"We can ask the maids, naturally. The Trade Union representative from Burobin has already reported that a guest stayed overnight in Flat 46 two days ago. It was a Swedish businessman who could not get hotel accommodation. And in Flat 27 an elderly Turkish woman has been spending a fortnight with her daughter, the wife of the Turkish Counsellor."

"You had better check again," the Captain said. "Ask all the maids. Be quite certain."

But nobody thought of asking Fenya, who was a cleaner, not a maid, or Kolya, who waved every day to the old lady behind the runner-bean shoots on the fourth-floor balcony.

The militia captain made out his final report, which joined the pile of reports from all over Moscow, from the Intourist hotels, the airports and railway stations, the diplomatic blocks, the Embassies, the interpreters; from anyone who had had or was thought to have had even the remotest contact with Miss Bagshot.

Several high-level conferences were called, where each report was studied in detail.

"But she must be somewhere."

To page 44

A L L characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



# NATIONAL BABY CONTEST

**To be won: £2860 cash, dream prizes, and a teenage bursary**

● The National Baby Contest aims simply at finding a typical Australian child with the best physical attributes. The prizes will give a wonderful start in life.

● The baby who is judged first in all Australia will receive total prize-money of £1005 cash, a dream prize every Christmas until the age of 12, and a secondary education bursary at that age.

● The second prize winner will receive a total of £405 cash and the third a total of £355 cash. But the prize baby won't be merely a "show" baby. Judges will search for a fine, healthy, well-adjusted young citizen, and will consider also the mother-and-child relationship.

● The contest is organised by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with the H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd.

FOR the convenience of parents, the contest will be divided into 24 areas throughout Australia.

Each area will be judged in three age groups: (1) Up to six months; (2) 7-12 months; (3) 13-18 months.

## THE PRIZES:—

First, each area age group winner receives £5 cash.

Next, each State prizewinner (chosen from among area prizewinners) receives £250 cash.

Thirdly, National prizewinners (chosen from State prizewinners) receive: First prize, £750 cash, plus the dream gifts suited to the child's age each year until the age of 12, plus the secondary education bursary at the age of 12; second, £150 cash; third, £100 cash.

Naturally, the three National prizewinners will already have won their State prize of £250, as well as their £5 area prize, so their total cash prizes will amount to: First, £1005; second, £405; third, £355.

The cheques will be handed to the mothers of the winning babies.

## HOW TO ENTER:—

Simply send a snapshot or photograph of your baby to the address shown in the entry form on this page.

While all photographs will be eligible, it is recommended that a minimum size of five inches by three inches be submitted to aid judging.

Photographs should be full-length and show the child's face and physique clearly. (See picture.)

There is no entrance fee. However, an entry form, properly filled out, must be securely fixed to the back of the photograph before forwarding.

Entry forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly, or those distributed in grocers' shops throughout the Commonwealth, can be used.

It does not matter if an entrant was not born in Australia.

## JUDGING METHOD:—

The area winners will be decided by judges, who will examine entrants' photographs.

State judges will then receive photographs of the area winners in each State, and three babies—one from each age group—will be chosen in each State to compete for that State's £250 prize.

These three babies, with their mothers, will be taken to the State's capital city to be

judged in person (except in Tasmania, where State judging is from photographs).

H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd. will pay expenses for both mothers and babies.

Similarly, the State winners and their mothers will come to Sydney, again at the expense of H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., to be judged for the National prizes.

In effect, this means that the £250 State winners also win a free holiday (October 30-November 9) in Sydney for their mothers.

National judging will also be in person, and the National judges will be two well-known Sydney doctors, both child specialists, and a hospital matron.

All State winners will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly dated November 2 and National winners in the November 16 issue.

## BABY DAYS:—

State winners (except in New South Wales and Tasmania) will be present at a State Baby Day to be held on October 19 in Victoria, South Australia, and Western Australia, and on October 25 in Queensland.

The New South Wales and Tasmania State winners will, with the other State winners, be present at the National Baby Day in Sydney on November 9.

Free transport from the suburbs of the capital cities has been arranged for mothers and babies (whether entrants or not) to attend their State Baby Day and (in Sydney) National Baby Day.

These will be days of entertainment, with well-known personalities present, a fashion parade, changing booths, pram parking space, musical and other programmes, prizes for crawling and toddlers' races, a nappy-changing contest for fathers, and other events.

## CONTEST RULES

1. The contest will close with the last mail on September 23. Entries must be posted to arrive at National Baby Contest, Box 7074, G.P.O., Sydney. No entries will be considered after this date.

2. Each entry will be judged on physical development as well as appearance.

3. All photographs become the property of H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., and will be returned, but no responsibility will be accepted.

4. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

5. Area prizewinners will be notified by mail immediately after judging. The State finalists will be notified by phone or telegram.

6. Employees (and their families) of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies, H. J. Heinz Company Pty. Ltd., and agencies associated with the contest are not eligible to enter.

7. The State Finalists to be available in respective State capitals from October 14 to October 19. Each State winner to be available in Sydney from October 30 to November 9. Expenses covering this trip, including air fares and first-class accommodation for mother and child, will be paid by the Heinz Company.

## HOME and FAMILY



PHOTOGRAPHS of entrants may be sitting, standing, or lying down, but must clearly show the baby's face and physique. A size not less than 5in. x 3in. is recommended.

## NATIONAL BABY CONTEST

Organised by  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY

in conjunction with the  
H. J. HEINZ CO. PTY. LTD.



## ENTRY FORM

AGE GROUP ☐ up to 6 months ☐ 7 to 12 months ☐ 13 to 18 months  
at time of entry (tick correct group).

PLEASE PRINT:

Child's Surname.....

Child's Christian Name.....

Sex.....

Date of Birth.....

Weight at Birth.....

Weight at Present.....

Length at Birth.....

Length at Present.....

Date of Entry.....

Mother's Name (surname last).....

Address..... State.....

Address all entries to: NATIONAL BABY CONTEST,  
BOX 7074, G.P.O., SYDNEY,  
N.S.W.

**Important** This form must be securely fixed to back of photograph before forwarding.





Reach back into your own childhood! Maybe you can remember the sense of security, the happiness of life in your parents' home. Most of life's finest moments are experienced under the shelter of the family roof.

Today families have Hi-Fi and Television. The pattern of life has changed. But some things don't change — the need for family security, the need for a debt free roof overhead.

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Z184



## AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: 87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY. Offices in all main cities throughout Australia and New Zealand, and in London. EVERY A.M.P. MEMBER ENJOYS THE UNQUESTIONED SECURITY AFFORDED BY FUNDS EXCEEDING £450,000,000 WHICH THE SOCIETY SEEKS TO INVEST TO THE GREATEST BENEFIT TO MEMBERS.



# A bassinet should be cosy and comfortable

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft nurse

● Baby's first bed is the most important item of nursery equipment, for he practically lives in his bassinet or cot for the first few months of his life.

SO every young mother should know how to choose the right type of bed, and how to put baby to bed correctly.

The bed chosen should be light, roomy, and portable, but firm and stable, easy to clean, and of a type which allows free circulation of fresh air.

An open wicker bassinet is ideal.

A baby's bones are soft, and bad posture can be caused later if the bassinet is not roomy enough to allow him to lie comfortably at full length. (As soon as baby outgrows the bassinet he must have a larger cot.)

Wicker bassinets are often lined with pleated trimmings.

This interferes with the ventilation of this otherwise ideal type of bed.

However, the upper portion should be lined to prevent a direct draught on baby's head.

This "head-piece" can be made of any washable material (flannel or cotton), is attached to the top of the bassinet by tapes, and is made deep enough to be tucked under and held down by the mattress.

Sometimes the cheaper "cosy-bye" type of bed is used. It is easy to move, and can be folded up when not in use.

The sling part should be of strong porous material (not thick canvas) to allow ventilation, and it should not be narrow or deep.

A perambulator should never be used for a day-time bed for baby.

## Hot, stuffy

The body and hood are lined with plastic or leather, so ventilation is not good. The pram soon gets hot and stuffy.

It was meant for a carriage, and, as it is well-sprung, a growing baby often "jigs" and plays in it when tucked in for sleep.

The things needed for making baby's bed (whatever type) are:

Enveloping blanket; firm, properly made mattress; loose blanket; sheet; narrow waterproof strip (plastic or mackintosh sheeting); a rather wider strip of flannel or blanket to cover this (a napkin can be used); "cuddling" blanket or shawl into which to wrap baby; small, very flat pillow (tetra or chaff); sheet (or cot-cover) to cover the tucked-in enveloping blanket; extra blankets or light eiderdown for colder days.

Method of making baby's bed:

1. Attach "head-piece" (as

described) to upper portion of bassinet.

2. Place the enveloping blanket in the bassinet so that the upper edge reaches to the edge of the head-piece. This blanket should be at least 2 yards across and about 1½ yards long to allow the tucking described below.

It should not be of heavy material — bedclothes should not be heavy on a tiny baby's body.

3. The firm (usually fibre) mattress should now be placed on top of the blanket. (Note—A soft loose kapok pillow should never be used as a mattress—a soft bed is bad for baby's posture, he gets too hot by sinking into it, and there is a risk of his rolling on to his face and smothering.)

4. For the first few months, a loose "shakedown" or mattress (tetra or chaff), which is cool, hygienic, and easily cleaned, should be placed on the firm mattress to protect it.

5. Cover the mattress and shakedown in winter with a small blanket or flannel sheet, in summer with a cotton sheet.

6. Over this, just under baby's buttocks, is placed the narrow strip of waterproof material covered by a rather wider strip of flannel or blanket (or cotton in summer).

7. The small flat pillow is

Man in Apron by *Larry*



Copyright London "Punch."

then placed in position (in the early weeks a baby is better without a pillow as long as the mattress is firm).

8. Baby is now placed in the bassinet wrapped up in his "cuddling" blanket or shawl. This should be warm and light and porous, so that air is not excluded.

A baby usually feels more secure and sleeps better wrapped up firmly but not tightly.

This also prevents his hands from straying outside the bedclothes and getting cold, and prevents early thumb- and finger-sucking.

9. The enveloping blanket is then tucked in, and so arranged that a young baby cannot get uncovered and cold.

One side of the enveloping blanket should be tucked over baby and under both mattresses on the opposite side.

The same should be done with the other side, and the blanket at the foot of the bassinet opened out and tucked up neatly to form the third layer of blanket, the corners first being tucked neatly under

the end of the mattress so that there is no extra weight on baby's feet.

Clothes must not be pulled too tightly over baby to press on the ribs and make breathing difficult, and baby's feet and toes must have freedom of movement.

## Keep glare out

10. A sheet or soft washable cot-cover should then be placed over the enveloping blanket and turned in under the top edge of the blanket to prevent irritation of baby's face and neck, and to protect the blanket from dust or from baby's sucking or vomiting.

11. A piece of dark, fadeless material (green for preference) should be attached by tapes to the hood and the upper edge of the bassinet to protect baby's eyes from glare.

It should always be removed if the bassinet is indoors.

The bassinet, with baby warmly and cosily tucked in, can be placed on the verandah or in the garden.

A screen round the head of the bassinet forms a wind-break.

## AIDS FOR MOTHERS

● Simple, practical patterns for a baby's layette which includes nightgowns (2), dresses (2), petticoat, matinee jacket, carrying-coat, flannel pilchers (2), and a sunsuit are always available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 3/6 the set (post free). Please give name and address clearly when ordering.

● The sixth edition of Sister Mary Jacob's complete book on parentcraft, "You and Your Baby," is also obtainable from the above address (price 15/-, plus 10d. postage) as well as from leading booksellers in the capital cities. It deals in detail with pre-natal, post-natal, and nursery care, feeding and weaning, and the management and diet of a child up to five years.

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lasts all day!

It's you they're talking about!

It's no secret when you don't use a deodorant — everybody knows! And they talk about it; but not to you. The daily bath or shower is *not* enough... there's only one way to be certain that you don't offend — use Tact. Tact removes doubt... ensures personal freshness 24 hours a day and promotes ease and self-confidence in every possible situation, at home or away, at work or play. Tact is safe for normal skins, easy to apply and dries rapidly. Start today... make it part of your every day toilette routine.

**Tact**  
**DEODORANT**  
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# Share with your family the gentle pleasures of good food and **WINE!**

Whether it's family fare, or a party menu—wine is the nicest thing that can happen to a meal. Lighthearted White, or rich, refreshing Red—there's a good wine to suit every taste, every occasion, whether with food or as a between meals refresher. And here in Australia, one of the world's great wine-growing countries, a glass of delicious, health-giving wine costs so little, everyone can enjoy it.



**WINE**  
is so friendly  
to food!

In food, with food—Wine is food's good companion. More and more Australians are discovering that wine transforms everyday foods and simple occasions into pleasures long remembered. And more and more housewives are happily learning the simple but so rewarding art of cooking with wine.

Most people prefer Red wines with red meats, White wines with lighter foods. But there are no hard and fast rules about wine. Experiment a little—find the wines you like best from the big, wide, wonderful range at your disposal.

## **SHERRY —**

Sweet, Cream, Medium or Dry — a delightful way to welcome friends, a tempting before-dinner appetizer, a happy break in a busy day.

## **WHITE TABLE WINES —**

These range from semi-sweet (Sauternes\* and Graves\*) to dry (Hock and Chablis\*) with Riesling,\* Moselle and Pearl wines somewhere in between. Try them with fish, chicken, omelettes and salads.

\* Pronounced So-fern, Graves, Shably, Reestling.

## **RED TABLE WINES —**

Delicate Rosé, light, dry Claret or fuller-bodied Burgundy—especially good in and with red meats or spaghetti dishes.

## **DESSERT WINES —**

Port, Muscat, Tokay (Toe-kay), Madeira or Frontignac (Fron-tee-nack), sweet, mellow wines—delightful to serve to your friends on any occasion and a perfect finale to dinner.

## **SPARKLING WINES —**

Champagne, Sparkling Hock, Moselle and Burgundy—the traditional way to say "Congratulations," to make festive occasions doubly so.

## **FREE RECIPES!**

Send for your copy of "Cooking with Wine No. 2" for interesting recipes with wine. And if you'd like to know more about wines, wine buying and wine serving, our informative booklet "Life is More Pleasant with Wine" is available. Both are free and post free. Simply write to me,

*Sheila Morris*

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# HOLIDAY LUNCHES



● Hot, nourishing lunches make a change from sandwiches for hungry children during school holidays in the winter.

**CHILDREN'S FAVORITE** is a simple, nourishing dish containing frankfurts, eggs, cheese and bacon, served with chips and tomatoes.

**S**IMPLE dishes, served attractively, will win a heap of love and kisses from your school-aged children.

But, however simple, it is most important that these dishes contain the basic protein and vitamin foods which growing children need.

Here are some holiday recipes that will satisfy those hearty appetites.

All spoon measurements are level, and the eight-ounce liquid cup measure is used in all our recipes.

## CHILDREN'S FAVORITE

Four frankfurts, 4 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 rashers chopped bacon (sauteed until crisp in a heated pan), 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, salt, pepper, 4 tomatoes, 4 slices processed cheese, potato chips.

Cut slice from top of each tomato, season with salt and pepper. Place under griller and cook slowly. Put frankfurts into a saucepan of water, bring slowly to the boil. Meanwhile beat together eggs, milk, and a little salt and pepper. Melt butter in pan, pour in egg mixture. Cook slowly, stirring all the while. As eggs thicken, stir in bacon and parsley. The eggs should be moist and soft when cooked. Remove hot frankfurts from water and split each down the centre, fill with a little scrambled egg. Arrange on four heated plates and spoon remaining mixture on to plates. Keep hot. Cut each slice of cheese in half and arrange on top of grilled tomatoes, return to griller. When cheese is a golden color, remove and place one on each plate, add a spoonful of hot potato chips and serve at once.

## BAKED-BEAN QUICKIE

Two cups tinned baked beans, 2 tablespoons chutney, 1 cup finely chopped onion,

2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 drops tabasco sauce, 4 rashers bacon (chopped).

Combine baked beans with the chutney, chopped onion, brown sugar, salt, pepper, tabasco sauce, and half the chopped bacon; mix thoroughly. Pour into a greased casserole-dish and top with remaining bacon pieces. Bake in a moderate oven until thoroughly heated and bacon is crisp (approx. 30 minutes).

## CHEESE AND EGG BAKE

Six slices bread, 1 1/2 cups grated cheddar cheese, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon prepared mustard, pinch pepper, paprika, butter.

Toast and trim crusts from bread slices. Butter and arrange a layer on the base of a greased casserole-dish. Sprinkle over a layer of the cheese. Continue adding toast and cheese until all are used. Combine well-beaten eggs, milk, mustard, salt and pepper. Pour over toast and cheese in casserole. Stand 1 hour. Then bake in a moderately slow oven 1 hour, or until set. Sprinkle very lightly with paprika and serve hot.

## PORKY PORCUPINES

Three-quarters pound minced steak or pork, 1/2 cup uncooked rice, 1/2 cup minced onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 medium-sized tin tomato soup, 1/2 cup water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Mix minced meat, rice, onion, salt, pepper together. Shape into eight balls with floured hands. Arrange in base of a greased casserole-

dish and pour over the tomato soup combined with water and Worcestershire sauce. Cover and bake in a moderate oven one hour or until rice is tender. Serve with the tomato sauce.

## TUNA TRIANGLES

One small tin flaked tuna (drained), 1/2 cup grated cheese, 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, pinch paprika, 8 slices bread, 2oz. softened butter, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute for frying, 1 egg beaten well with 1/2 cup milk.

Combine tuna, cheese, mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt, and paprika. Butter bread slices and spread tuna mixture on half. Top with remaining slices and press firmly together. Cut diagonally in halves. Coat each sandwich with milk and egg mixture; allow to drain. Heat butter or substitute in pan, add sandwiches and fry slowly until golden-brown on both sides. (Coat only sufficient sandwiches to cover base of pan as they tend to become very soggy if allowed to stand.) Serve with mugs of hot soup and crisp salad vegetables.

## GOLDEN POTATO SCALLOP

One pound potatoes, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 1/2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute.

Wash, peel, and slice potatoes thinly. Combine flour, salt, and pepper in a paper bag. Add sliced potatoes and shake well until all are covered with flour mixture. Place slices of potato and grated cheese in neat layers in a greased casserole-dish. Heat milk and

pour over (the milk should just come to top of potatoes). Dot with butter or substitute, and bake uncovered in a moderate oven for approx. 50 to 60 minutes, or until potatoes are tender. Turn off heat. Cover and leave potatoes to absorb liquids for 10 minutes. Serve hot.

## RED-HOT RODEO FRANKFURTS

Four frankfurts, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1/2 cup tomato sauce.

Mix together the breadcrumbs, onion, salt, pepper, milk, and butter. Split frankfurts lengthwise not quite through, spread with tomato sauce, and fill mixture into splits. Fasten with cocktail-sticks and grill, turning frequently until piping hot and brown (approx. 10 min.). Serve hot.

## CHOCOLATE MALTED

Four cups cold milk, 4 tablespoons malted milk powder, 3 tablespoons instant chocolate powder, cream or ice-cream, extra chocolate powder.

Mix milk, malted powder, and chocolate powder together and beat with a rotary beater or electric mixer until frothy. Pour into 4 tall glasses. If desired, top each with a spoonful of cream or ice-cream and a sprinkling of chocolate powder.

## SUNSHINE COCKTAIL

Four egg-yolks, juice 4 oranges, juice 1 lemon, 4 tablespoons honey, mint to garnish.

Beat egg-yolks together, then add all other ingredients with the exception of mint; mix well, chill. To serve, pour into 4 glasses and garnish with mint.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, Our Food and Cookery Expert



A family home—

# WIDE EAVES SHADE TERRACE AND WINDOWS

● A simple roof-line and wide overhanging eaves give this home of traditional design a pleasing and up-to-date appearance.

It has been designed under the direction of our architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewnack, and is No. 908 in our Home Plans Series.

The house has been designed for a sloping or flat site.

Our illustration shows the garage underneath the terrace, as it would be if this house were built on sloping ground.

If your land were flat, the garage would be positioned behind the house or adjacent to the living-room under the main house roof. Your frontage in this case would have to be 65 feet.

A wide terrace is linked to the living-room by double glass doors. This would be ideal for the site which has an attractive front view.

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added interest and color at the front entrance.

The floor plan illustrated shows the entrance hall to one side of the living-room to save floor space. If preferred, the hall could be separated from the living area by changing the position of the cloak-cupboard or by using a wall with glass doors.

There are three large bedrooms and they all have convenient access to the bathroom, which is out of sight, both from the entrance hall and living area.

The spacious laundry has ample room for a washing-machine and two built-in stainless-steel troughs. A sewing nook in the laundry is framed by a picture window, and enough space has been allowed there for a 6ft. sewing bench.

The cost of building this home, which covers 13.9 squares if built in brick and 12.2 squares in timber, de-

908

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH for Plan No. 908 shows wide, overhanging eaves above the spacious terrace linked to the living-room by glass doors.

pend on the materials you select and the standard of finish required.

If you build in brick it would cost approximately £4850-£5650, timber £4400-£4750, asbestos cement £4000-£4350, and brick veneer £4650-£5450.

These building costs are approximate only, and do not include the price of your land. For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre. All these Centres are under the direction of qualified architects, who will give you free advice about your building problems.

Skilled advisers on the staff of the stores where the Centres are located will help you choose the decorations and furnishings for your home.

## ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

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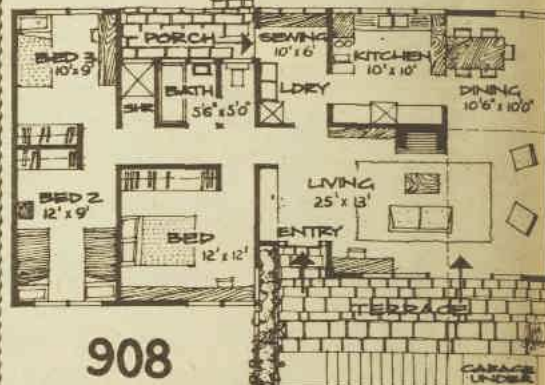
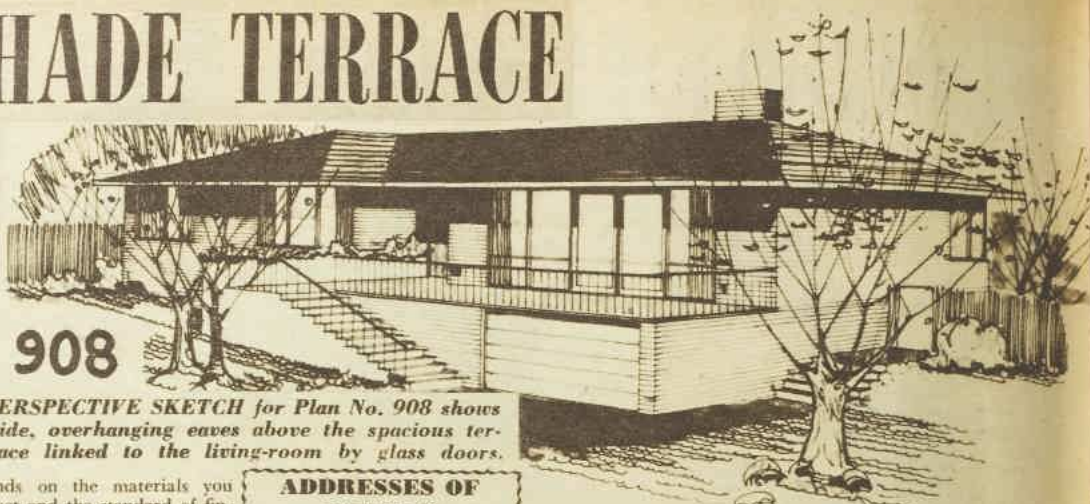
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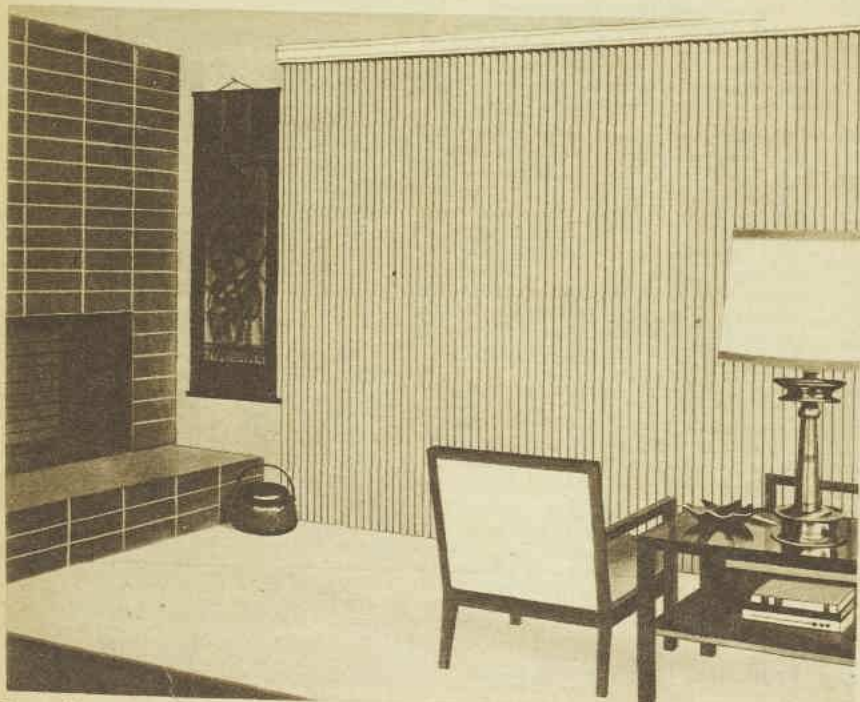


FLOOR PLAN for Plan No. 908 shows the convenient grouping of the bathroom and kitchen and the compact sewing nook in the laundry.

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insisted the Party Secretary at the third conference. "A foreigner cannot disappear in Moscow as simply as this. Something must have been overlooked."

"We have here a report by Intourist interpreter Comrade Boris Alexandrovich Rumyantsev," said the Chairman, returning wearily to the only imaginative document in the collection.

"He states that on the last evening which the Delegation of the Anti-Fascist League for Peace spent in Moscow, four of its members, including Miss Bagshot, were absent from the Metropole Hotel for a total of three hours. He suggests they may have been making contacts somewhere in Moscow which Miss Bagshot later carried on. There is a coded note, which our experts have so far been unable to decipher, and then there is also the matter of the taxi which they must have taken to their destination."

Continuing . . .

## MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 36

"Perhaps it would not be too much to ask," he added with heavy sarcasm, "for the M.V.D. authorities to check up on all taxi-drivers who collected anyone from the Metropole Hotel that evening."

A nervous militia colonel said they had already made inquiries at the nearest taxi-rank and was informed they would have to do better than that.

"I can only conclude our security services need a complete reorganisation," said the Chairman.

He said it was obvious to him that the British Embassy officials themselves were in full possession of the facts of the case. They clearly knew not only where Miss Bagshot was but what she was doing.

"Consider, Comrades," he

said, peering intently at the assembled Ministers, Party officials, and high-ranking officers who had been called to the conference, "we in the Soviet Union are encircled by the capitalist countries. How would they go about introducing an imperialist agent into our midst?"

"They would bring the agent in under some innocent disguise and, once here, he or she would disappear. The Embassy, having furnished the necessary forged papers, would disclaim all knowledge of the agent's whereabouts. They would even, as they are doing now, release the story to their correspondents, try to put the blame on us, and insist, as innocently and with the barefaced duplicity of which we know they are capable, that we are responsible for the disappearance of this British subject."

"But it is far more complicated than that, Comrade Chairman," interrupted the Party Secretary, who had been earnestly studying a heap of documents. "I see that this woman originally came to the Soviet Union as a member of a delegation. At the time she is suspected of occupying a position as important, if not more important, than the delegation leader. She makes speeches, she controls the delegation's views on all matters. Suddenly she remains behind—that has not been explained satisfactorily."

"Then again she pretends to become an English teacher. On this application for a visa, which has been sent on from London, it is claimed she is an artist. And, in the British Embassy application about her, she is referred to as an ordinary tourist. It is all very contradictory."

"Exactly," agreed the Chairman. "They have rendered the position as confusing and complicated as possible. First, the British Embassy requests our Foreign Ministry to let them

know if this Miss Bagshot has left the Soviet Union. This is, of course, a ruse to dissociate themselves from her activities. Then, when we very properly hand back her passport, requesting them to return it to her, they reveal their main interest in the matter. They ask if we can let them know where she is."

"They are saying, in effect: 'We know where she is ourselves, but we would like to know if your security services have been sharp enough to keep track of her, too.' Comrades, it is too blatant. One thing is at least certain. We shall instruct

### FROM THE BIBLE

• "The Lord is good to all; and His tender mercies are over all His works." Psalm 145:9.

These words are from a Psalm sung by David when his heart was full of joy and thanksgiving. He praises God for His goodness to all people.

our Foreign Ministry not to reply to this last request."

"I don't see how they could reply in any case," the Party Secretary said. He took a very literal view of all statements.

"We don't know where she is."

"On the other hand," said the Chairman, ignoring this interruption, "we have held too many of these conferences without coming to a decision. The British have released the story in their newspapers. They are seeking to damage our reputation throughout the world as a democratic, freedom-loving nation. We must at least show we are not deceived by their machinations. I propose that we expose the whole conspiracy

through the channels of our own democratic Press. We shall ask our foremost leader writer in 'Pravda' to compose a pamphlet setting out the position quite clearly and with the scrupulous veracity for which our Communist Press is justly famed."

Although the Bagshot case had, from the first, received top-level attention in the Soviet Union, Mr. Buckingham in the Foreign Office and the young Vice-Consul at the Embassy were still struggling along with the British aspect of the case on their own.

It was not until the appearance of the article in "Pravda" that it occurred to both of them almost simultaneously that the growing political implications were becoming too involved for anyone in their rather junior positions to handle adequately.

Mr. Buckingham arrived at the Foreign Office that day a good half-hour ahead of his usual time, asked for the Bagshot file, and tried to marshal the facts into some concise order in nervous preparation for handing over the case to the Head of his Department.

Mr. Roland Peddington-Partridge, the Head of North Eastern Department, was not in the least terrifying. Mr. Buckingham's sister-in-law's aunt was godmother to Mr. Peddington-Partridge's eldest daughter; and they had discussed these distant family connections very warmly on the one occasion that Mr. Peddington-Partridge took Mr. Buckingham to lunch at Boodle's, when he first joined the Foreign Office.

Since then their contact had been limited to friendly greetings in the corridors, rapt attention from Mr. Buckingham to any remark Mr. Peddington-Partridge let fall whenever he found time to join the rest of the Department for their morning coffee and afternoon-tea breaks and a few sharp reprimands in minute form on Mr. Buckingham's style of drafting.

All the same, this was the first time Mr. Buckingham had ever needed to refer his work directly to his superior and he

was determined to present a logical case—as logical as he could make it. He read through the last telegrams received from Moscow, decided they were no more conclusive than his own minutes on the subject, bundled the file, under his arm, and set off down the corridor for Mr. Peddington-Partridge's office.

"Good morning, Miss Clarke," he said timidly. Mr. Peddington-Partridge's secretary was one of those superior, efficient Civil Servants who really did terrify him. "Is there any chance of my seeing Mr. Peddington-Partridge for a few minutes?"

"No," said Miss Clarke. "He's extremely busy all the morning. At the moment he is studying the draft proposals for the Lapland Fish Agreements. In fifteen minutes, he has a meeting with the Under-Secretary on the Territorial Waters Claim with the Soviet Union. At eleven o'clock, he has to see the Finnish Charge d'Affaires about export restrictions on agricultural machinery; then there is the Wallington Committee for Estonian reparations."

"I really must see him some time today," pleaded Mr. Buckingham.

"If Mr. Peddington-Partridge has a minute to spare during the afternoon, I shall let him know that you have asked to see him," Miss Clarke replied disdainfully.

Mr. Buckingham, resigning himself to this small piece of condescension, was about to beat his retreat, when the inner office door opened and Mr. Peddington-Partridge's handsome, permanently worried face appeared.

"Ah, Miles, I thought I heard your voice," he said. "I was hoping to have a few words with you this morning. If you are free now, perhaps you'd come in for a few minutes. Most disturbing paragraph I read in 'The Times' this morning while I was travelling up."

"Yes, of course, Sir-Rol-Mister-hmm." Mr. Buckingham swallowed the last word neatly. He knew that, by the Foreign Office code, he was entitled

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Continuing . . .

## MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 44

to call the Head of his Department by his Christian name, but, try as he would, he could never bring himself to address Mr. Peddington-Partridge as Roland. It stuck in his throat and somehow never came to be uttered. On the other hand, he knew it would certainly sound very stilted to address him as Sir or Mr. Peddington-Partridge. That form of address, by the Departmental standards in unwritten orders of protocol, was the style set aside for messengers and clerks.

"There's quite a bit more in the 'Daily Guardian,'" Mr. Buckingham said as he avoided Miss Clarke's outraged glare and followed Mr. Peddington-Partridge into his private office.

"And I've had another telegram from the Embassy this morning, giving the full text of the article in 'Pravda,'" he added, sinking down into the chair Mr. Peddington-Partridge waved him into beside his desk and carefully laying his bundle of papers on top of the mountain of Lapland Fish files.

"Perhaps you'll leave it for me to go through later," Mr. Peddington-Partridge said briskly. He had exactly ten minutes to devote to this problem and was determined to deal with only the most essential points. "Now tell me, in your opinion, from a close study of all the documents concerned, is this Miss . . . this lady . . ."

"Miss Bagshot?"

"Exactly. Is Miss Bagshot a Communist?"

**T**HE question was so entirely unexpected that Mr. Buckingham was thrown completely off balance.

"Oh, I shouldn't think so, Rol-Sir-Mister-hmmm. At least there's no evidence to suggest it. I can see it would alter the whole perspective of the case — er — considerably. On the other hand — well, I would think almost definitely not," flustered Mr. Buckingham.

"Why not?"

"Well, her nephew, Mr. Herbert Napier — gave me to understand that Miss Bagshot took no interest in politics . . ."

"But you have no actual evidence to the contrary?" Mr. Peddington-Partridge had the disconcerting directness of the busy official who clings inexorably to his main point.

"Well, no. But the speech she made at the farewell dinner of the Anti-Fascist League for Peace in Moscow. That was quite critical of Communism."

"But you just said Miss Bagshot took no interest in politics at all," Mr. Peddington-Partridge reminded him.

"And what is this speech to which you refer? I don't seem to remember anything about it in the reports."

"Oh, it wasn't an — er — official document. It was a story in the 'Daily Guardian' from their correspondent in Moscow."

"My dear Miles," Mr. Peddington-Partridge said with indulgent tolerance. "Foreign Office opinion cannot be moulded by what one reads in the 'Daily Guardian.' I suggest that you must immediately look into this question. Are there no confidential reports on Miss Bagshot from our own Embassy in Moscow?"

"As far as I know, Miss Bagshot never went near the Embassy."

"Now there, you see, is something nearer to the truth. Communists visiting Moscow very seldom go to the Embassy, either," Mr. Peddington-Partridge pointed out with aggravating calm.

To page 47

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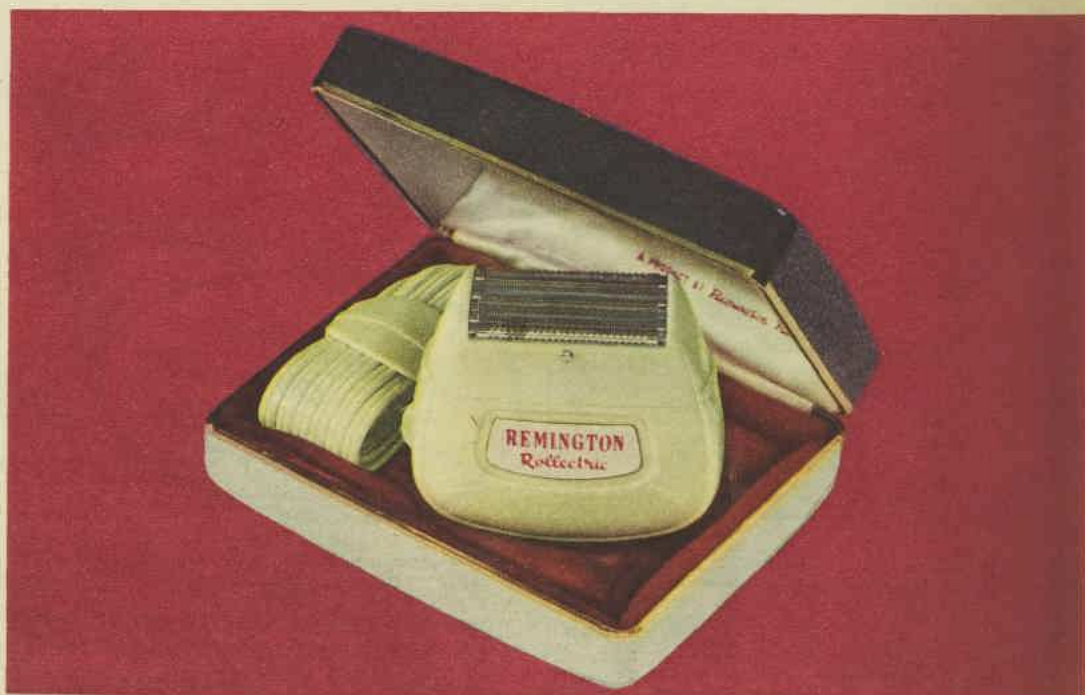


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Page 46

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apparently unperturbed, spoke quietly over the top of it.

"Mr. Napier, perhaps before you continue with your complaints you wouldn't mind telling me if Miss Bagshot has ever been a member of the Party."

"What party?" rapped out Mr. Napier, honestly bewildered.

"The Communist Party."

"Communist?" There was a moment's stunned silence at the other end of the phone and then the roar across the line became deafening.

Mr. Buckingham succeeded in reaching the door and, at the same moment, the Under-Secretary in charge of the Territorial Waters Claim strode impatiently into the room.

"Oh, Roland." The Under-Secretary paused in deference to the insistent claims on the telephone.

Mr. Peddington-Partridge, famed for his talents as a tactful negotiator, tried to wedge a word or two into the telephone, nodded an apology to the Under-Secretary, clutched at the Bagshot file in despair and looked wildly round for Mr. Buckingham to take over from him. But Mr. Buckingham had beaten a hasty retreat and was congratulating himself on regaining the safety of his own little office after successfully washing his hands of the embarrassing Bagshot case.

The young Vice-Consul was going through a similar experience in the Embassy in Moscow. No one would ever have described the Ambassador, Sir Reginald Throckmorton, as a placid personality. He had a violent temper, an abrupt manner, and strong prejudices. On this particular Monday, he had just arrived back from a brief visit to England for a conference, and travelling — after a lifetime of it — had begun to upset his liver.

He stamped into his study, prepared to be short-tempered with anyone who came to disturb him while he waded through his accumulation of mail. He had just remembered that, in an uncharacteristic mood of affability before he left Moscow, he had foolishly granted his secretary permission for some local leave. She had asked for a fortnight to go on some quite unnecessary trip to Central Asia and he could not hope to expect her back until the following Monday. It was all very provoking.

His dog, Toby, waddled into the study after him, stiff with rheumatism. Toby was an elderly Pomeranian, almost as formidable as his master. He snapped at the typists' ankles when they brought in Sir Reginald's papers, he growled at his visitors, he barked where he saw strangers.

"Come in," Sir Reginald granted without looking up from his letters. Toby began to bark.

"I said, come in. Come in and stop fooling about there," shouted Sir Reginald.

With this sufficiently unnerving beginning, the young Vice-Consul started to explain the Bagshot case.

"Not my business. Not my business at all," glowered Sir Reginald. "Head of Chancery's pigeon, young fellow. Go and tell him about it."

"Yes, sir, I have, sir," the Vice-Consul stammered. He was in no doubt whatsoever that the

Continuing . . .

## MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 45

Foreign Office code called upon him to address the Ambassador as "Sir" to his face and "H.E." behind his back, but his difficulty was that, from sheer nervousness, he was inclined to overdo it.

"I've already been to the Head of Chancery, sir, several times, sir. And he said it would have to come to you eventually, so it would be better if I outlined it to you now, sir."

"Oh very well," Sir Reginald said. "What is all this nonsense? Can't make head or tail of what you're saying at all. All this rubbish about a missing British subject and reports in the British newspapers and an article in 'Pravda' sounds as though they're exaggerating to me. Probably nothing in it at all."

"Probably, sir. But, if you don't mind, I should like to read you a short précis I've made on the case up to, date, sir."

The ambassador gave no sign of either assent or protest. He simply leant back in his chair, folded his arms, and glared at the Vice-Consul, who decided it would be best, after all, to push ahead and began to read his précis with a pronounced stammer.

"Miss Lavinia Bagshot, who came to Mmmmm-Moscow as a mmm-member of the delegation for the Anti-Fascist League for Peace, aged seventy —

"Seventy? Then it's all nonsense just as I said. What would anyone of seventy be doing on a delegation, anyway?"

"Actually, sir, there does seem to be some doubt that Miss Bagshot was a real member of the delegation," the Vice-Consul admitted. "Her nephew, who has been to see me several times, insists that his aunt came to Moscow as an ordinary tourist."

"Her nephew? Now, for heaven's sake, m'boy, get your facts straight before running to me with them. You told me there, right in the beginning when you started on this rigmorale — I distinctly remember it — that this lady's nephew had been kicking up the devil of a rumpus in London, so what's he doing popping up at the same time in Moscow?"

**B**EADS of perspiration were beginning to stand out on the Vice-Consul's forehead. Sir Reginald's meticulous accuracy and relentless insistence on detail were notorious and the Vice-Consul made a gallant attempt to satisfy them.

"I'm sorry, sir. I did mean it was Miss Bagshot's nephew who is in London. Mr. Herbert Napier. It is his son, Mr. Her — I mean Humphrey Napier, who is in Moscow?"

"Her great-nephew? All right, if that's what you mean, then say it and don't confuse things any more than you can help. Now get on with it, get on with it."

But the Vice-Consul discovered he had floundered out of his depth. The simple report, which seemed lucid enough when he rehearsed it in his own office, became long and disconnected when he repeated it in front of the Ambassador.

Sir Reginald, intensely irritated, finally brought him to an abrupt halt.

"Written all this down, have you? Well, leave it with me, there's a good fellow. I'll go through it myself and make it out somehow. Oh, and bring this young man to lunch today. The great-nephew. One fifteen, and don't be late. Shut the door properly as you go out. Whole building's full of draughts."

The ambassador then settled

down, scribbled "Nonsense" in red ink over the Vice-Consul's observations and proceeded to draft his own concise and commonsense remarks on a clean sheet of minute paper.

By this time the Bagshot case had ousted the weather, the ballet, the difficulty of finding servants, speculations on the harvest, the shortage of combines in the virgin lands, comparisons of the five-year plan, developments in the Middle-East, and the situation in Poland as the chief topic for



diplomatic cocktail party conversation in Moscow.

It possessed a universal appeal. The women discussed the personal aspects of the case, the hopelessness of an old lady, speaking not a word of the language, abandoned somewhere in a Russian village, languishing somewhere in a Russian prison. Or, if she had remained in Moscow voluntarily, the oddity of a woman who, at seventy, hoped to build up a new life in the Communist world.

Their diplomat husbands discussed the political aspects, speculating on the meaning, reactions, and underlying causes of the Bagshot affair. All their interpretations were very subtle, erudite, and, of course, completely erroneous.

"The publicity accorded to this singular affair is quite extraordinary," maintained the Iranian Minister to the group which gathered round him at the Italian National Day reception. "Now, why should 'Pravda' have devoted a whole article to the subject? Undoubtedly they fear the British influence at this particular juncture in public opinion throughout the world; and so they seek to malign it. I tell you it is because the Russians are furious because they have not yet succeeded in dissolving the Bagdad Pact. You know how sensitive the Russians are on that point."

"Coming right at this crisis in international affairs, the Bagshot affair could not have been more brilliantly timed," insisted the American Counsellor. "It is only in the past few months that the British and the Americans have begun to draw together again after the disastrous affair of the missing diplomats. Just when all the suspicions had faded, the Russians now present a similar but even more insidious scandal. It's quite obvious that the Russians are once again attempting to discredit the British security services — and you know how sensitive the British are on that point."

The Allied Press correspondent, revered throughout the diplomatic corps as the most learned of the Russian experts (he had lived in Moscow for twenty years and could quote

the proceedings of every Party Congress since the revolution), was pressed for his views and managed, as usual, to give a scholarly and involved commentary while skillfully evading any definite conclusion.

"There is, of course, nothing new in this situation," he told his circle of disciples. "In the thirties there were many cases of foreign subjects disappearing in Russia. I can remember Williamson in October, '35, Otdievo in August, '37, and De Lessian in January, '38. Occasionally the protests which followed their disappearances led to liberalising tendencies



and a relaxation of the internal tensions. Perhaps this latest case could be taken to indicate that another purge is imminent, but, on the other hand, it is unlikely to develop in view of the publicity.

"I daresay you may also have noticed that on the Saturday before the Bagshot article appeared in 'Pravda' only three of the Politburo attended the opening performance at the Bolshoi Theatre of the new opera on the role of the Machine Tractor Stations in the efficient development of the kolkhoz."

"The Minister of Internal Security was seated at the back of the box, in a clearly subordinate position, with the Minister for Foreign Trade in the place of honor. Of course, no particular significance need be attached to the absence of the Minister of Culture, who is now little more than a ceremonial figure, although at the May Day Parade last year he stood only two away from the President. But there is no doubt that a decision was probably reached about the Bagshot case during the interval."

Meantime the Italian Embassy's expert on Soviet affairs was collecting enthusiastic support among the diplomatic corps with a more original explanation.

"The Bagshot case has nothing to do with politics," he argued boldly. "It is a completely new departure in Soviet policy emerging out of the current trend for tourism. You see the Russians both want tourists and don't want them. They wish to establish themselves in the eyes of the Western world as a democratic country by throwing the Soviet Union open to foreign tourists. But the applications for visas have been far beyond their expectations and they don't like to admit there is not yet sufficient accommodation for all these visitors."

"So they have invented the Bagshot case to frighten away the older, reactionary type of visitors who might report unfavorably about Russia when they return home. From the Soviet viewpoint this is undoubtedly a most satisfactory compromise for restricting

tourists to the younger, more impressionable generation."

All these theories were cabled back to London and given front-page prominence in the Press. Newspapers which did not already have permanent correspondents in Moscow sent special correspondents to report the opinions current among "informed circles."

The newspapermen outdid themselves in devising plausible suggestions to explain Miss Bagshot's disappearance.

Every evening sheaves of telegrams were sent back to London, announcing the latest speculations. Every morning the headlines in the London newspapers flatly contradicted each other. "Miss Bagshot—Was She a British Spy?" (popular daily paper) took its place on the news stands beside "Miss Bagshot—Is She a Communist" (responsible Conservative paper).

There were some doubts expressed by the "Daily Worker" that Miss Bagshot was even a woman. She could have been, their leader-writer argued, a prominent member of MI5 masquerading as a seventy-year-old spinster for the purpose of smuggling himself into an unsuspecting Russia.

The newspaper campaign had reached its height when the Delegation of the Anti-Fascist League for Peace, having concluded its humdrum and unremarkable tour of the satellite countries, arrived back in England.

The members of the delegation were met and mobbed by reporters at London Airport. Not having seen an English paper for several weeks, they were quite unprepared for this onslaught.

As he stepped from the plane, Sir William Finch was at first bewildered and then delighted to find himself the object of so much flattering attention. But his delight swiftly changed to disillusionment when he realised that the irritating spectre of Miss Bagshot, which he had almost succeeded in forgetting, was still haunting the delegation.

"This is all most distasteful," he was able to say between a pause in the questions being fired at him from all sides.

"I am extremely sorry to hear that the poor woman has unaccountably disappeared. Naturally I have a vague recollection of her. But you must understand that she was never a member of our delegation and played no part in our important mission. She attached herself to us in Vilna in the most unscrupulous way and—"

The rest of Sir William's statement was lost in an uproar. Miss Bagshot had become something of a legend. The Press was quite prepared to turn her into a villainess, or a heroine; so it would not listen to this lukewarm account, which treated her as a colorless and insignificant personality.

"She spoke at your farewell banquet in Moscow, didn't she?"

"According to 'Pravda,' she practically led your delegation round by the nose."

"At least you must have seen her. What did she look like?"

**T**HE Press roared its disapproval of Sir William. He fell back in considerable confusion and his place as delegation spokesman was taken by Mrs. Cartwright, lucid, pleasant, and unruined.

"It is quite true, as Sir William has told you, that Miss Bagshot was never a member of our delegation," she said evenly and her quiet voice succeeded in silencing the clamor.

"However, some of us took great pleasure in our brief acquaintance with her and found her a very stimulating companion. Aside from that, we really know very little about her. She described herself as an ordinary tourist and I have no reason to suspect that she was anything else. Except that Miss Bagshot could never be ordinary. She is that indefinable, often infuriating but always interesting phenomenon which England can produce so well—a character."

This was what the Press wanted. They swarmed about Patricia Cartwright. But with an almost perfect sense of timing, Patricia Cartwright gave

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PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 4000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

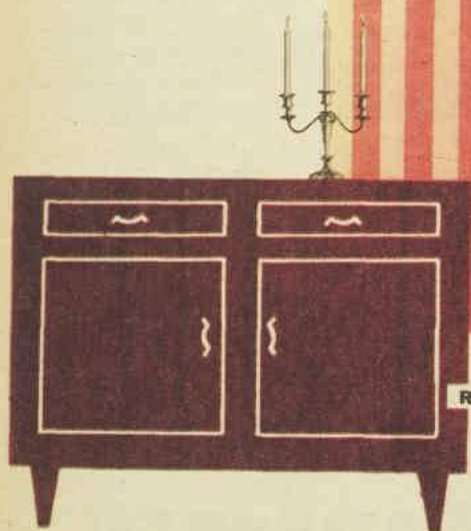
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# "The Unforgiven"

• United Artists have set this colorful drama in Texas of the 'seventies, when hatred of the Indians ran so high that the settlers strove—even fought—to prove their white blood.



"BROTHER" BEN Zachary (Burt Lancaster) and Cash (Audie Murphy) stagger wearily from a vicious Indian attack on the family. The Indians, believing Rachel Zachary (Audrey Hepburn) belongs to them, had tried to seize her.

*Entertainment* ★

DISCOVERY that Rachel (Audrey Hepburn) is not really a member of her family shocks friends and neighbors. But Ben (Burt Lancaster) finds himself drawn to her—not with the love of a brother but with that of a man for a woman.





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Kotex® belts offer you greater comfort, too. They stay smooth and flat—never twist or curl. Choose from 5 styles in pink or white.



Change to **Kotex** feminine napkins with new "Wondersoft" cover...choice of most women.

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## New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent  
★ Average

★★ Above Average  
No star—Poor

### ★★ SOUTH SEAS ADVENTURE

Third Cinerama entertainment. In color. Plaza, Sydney.

**F**ROM an enveloping circular screen, this third Cinerama epic plucks you from your seat, hurls—lulls—drowns, and gets you thinking about travel bureaus.

Images leap at the audience, stereophonic sound (at times deafening) attacks from the east, south, and rear.

Beginning with Hawaii, the film cruises pleasantly for two hours through the South Pacific. Aboard the schooner Te Vega, customers head for Tahiti, Tonga, Fiji, and New Zealand, then somehow arrive in Sydney by plane.

In brilliant color, dazzling tropical vistas, native dances, snow-covered peaks, and vast sheep-runs highlight the tour.

The film calls for physical stamina and is no show for a convalescent.

In a word . . . **ALIVE.**

### ★ DUST IN THE SUN

Australian drama, with Jill Adams, Ken Wayne. In color. Capital, Sydney.

**T**HIS could have been an exciting Australian western, set in wonderful Namatjira country.

Instead it's a study in the slowest of slow-motion, corny script, and ham acting with beautifully "rehearsed" accents.

Oh, for one honest Bill Hareney character to give some authenticity to this extraordinary Northern Territory cattle station, where the only activity is an over-worked bunch of cattle and station folk who stand around in Eastmancolor—decorated interiors being terribly psychological.

For our part, cameraman Keith Loone could have blotted out everything from the camera except the landscapes and the dignified grace of aborigine Robert Tudawali.

Briefly, Northern Territory cop Justin Bayard (Ken Wayne) is bringing back his man, Emu Foot (Robert Tudawali), when aborigines attack.

The faithful "Jackie" takes his wounded captor to a homestead, where Justin is lengthily diverted by: ● The domestic strife of Tad (James Forest) and his neurotic wife, Julie, who is being given the "big freeze" by station folk.

● The charms of a stockman's daughter, Chris (Maureen Lanagan).

Julie is finally murdered by a half-caste aborigine stockman, who resents her treatment of Tad (there's no apartheid problem here). Emu Foot is found dead, and, bother it, Justin has to bestir himself to go after another man!—V.A.

In a word . . . **CROOK.**

### ★ THE HANGING TREE

Drama, with Gary Cooper, Maria Schell, Karl Malden. In color, Regent, Sydney.

**D**ESPITE its violent theme, this semi-Western mooches placidly along to a foregone conclusion.

Viewers become detached from the film's crowded action, which, instead of creating tension and interest, has a pleasantly soporific effect.

The Doc in a small Montana goldrush town, Gary Cooper doctors a seriously injured Maria Schell—the charming fortune-hunter—back to health with the aid of his tough young "servant," Ben Piazza. Bad man of the piece is Karl Malden, a rough diamond with two wants—gold and Maria.

A fast gun, fair gambler, and woman-hater hiding from bitter memories in the lawless West, Cooper shines in his typical fashion. And Maria Schell, though uninspiring, wins sympathy.

But the film loses grip and credulity through its unconvincing bunch of claim-pegging bit players. Surprisingly orderly in gold matters, they move in the background like a Greek chorus.

In a word . . . **PASSIVE.**

### ★ PORTRAIT IN BLACK

Drama, with Lana Turner, Anthony Quinn, Sandra Dee, John Saxon. In color, State, Sydney.

**R**EPLATE with old-time suspicion-creating techniques of uncanny noises and bland-faced Asiatic servant—this action-packed thriller develops into a most enjoyable, good-old-fashioned melodrama.

And Lana Turner as a wealthy widow walks off with the drama-queen-of-the-year prize. She hysterically over-nail-bites, winces, jumps, mouths, and flings her way through the show.

Together with boy-friend Anthony Quinn, the family physician, Lana murders her tyrannical invalid husband to find freedom. But an anonymous letter congratulating her on her murder forces the obviously guilty pair to hunt their blackmailer.

Could it be her step-daughter Sandra Dee's fiancé, John Saxon? The watchful lawyer? The chauffeur, etc.?

This whodunit keeps you guessing, but not through a clever plot. All characters are so highly suspicious and unnaturally furtive in their everyday round, it could be anyone.

With Lana Turner's overwhelming style, the other characters lose their individuality. But they all shake together so successfully that if you like melodrama you'll find this a classic.

In a word . . . **ROBUST.**





LEAVES O' GOLD

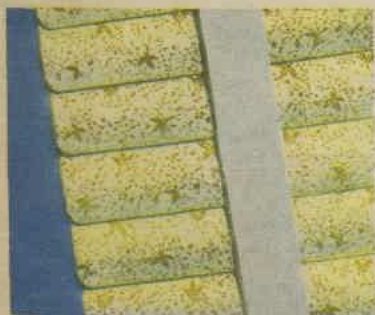
PINK TERRAZZO

GREEN LINEN

LEAVES O' JONQUIL

LEAVES O' LARKSPUR

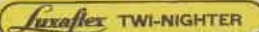
*Twi-Nighter venetians...always in step with fashion!*



Illustrated is Luxaflex Leaves O' Gold, an elegant new pattern that blends perfectly with any decor. There are 10 other fashion patterns to choose from, plus 200 combinations of pastel and decorator colours.

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# Theraderm controls dandruff

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## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

A 1910 model white Rolls-Royce landaulette in deluxe condition, with apple-green upholstery and carpeting, will be used by David Gray when he makes the dash from the Town Hall to Her Majesty's Theatre after appearing as a guest artist at the Royal Philharmonic Society's Concert for the Blind Book Society on September 1.

He'll have only three-quarters of an hour from the time he is singing arias at the Town Hall until he is due on stage at Her Majesty's, dressed for his role as "Freddie" in "My Fair Lady."

The car is being lent by Mr. George Green, vice-president of the N.S.W. Branch of the Veteran Car Club of Australia, from his private collection of over twenty aristocratic automobiles.

This Rolls (he has several) was originally imported from England by the Whitney family of Cowra. But it later fell on hard times.

When Mr. Green found it four years ago it was being used as a hearse!

He had the bodywork completely rebuilt to the specifications of a famous Rolls owned by the Vanderbilts, of New York.

Now it's the most glamorous Edwardian motor in town, with a top cruising speed of sixty miles an hour.

"£10,000-PARTY GIRL" Barbara Stanley Smith, formerly of Sydney, has just become engaged in London to Mr. Edmund Fane, Coldstream Guards, son of Mrs. H. N. Fane, of Park House, Tisbury, Wiltshire, and the late Major Fane. Barbara, who is the daughter of Mr. Stanley Smith, of Hongkong, an Australian with wide business interests in the Far East, was "launched" in London six years ago at a fabulous coming-out party her father gave in her honor at the Stoll Theatre. Six hundred guests danced in the setting of a palace under the sea.

CHATTING with Dr. R. A. Eakin, I was interested to hear his daughter Robin Dalton and her children Lisa and Seamus are joining in the August exodus from London this week to holiday with Prince Chula of Thailand and his English wife at their home in Cornwall. The Prince is a descendant of the King of Siam, who inspired "The King and I" film. Robin, who returned to England five months ago after a home visit to Sydney, has a house in Albion Street, London.

I HEAR that Master Liddell-Grainger, the new grandson of the Governor of Queensland, Sir Henry Abel Smith, recently arrived in the world with a really old-fashioned weight — nearly ten pounds. His mother, Mrs. David Liddell-Grainger, of Ayton Castle, in Berwickshire, Scotland, is Sir Henry and Lady May Abel Smith's elder daughter.

TRAVELLERS-ELECT Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McWilliam, of Darling Point, are entertaining friends at a cocktail party at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on August 19. An absentee from the party will be their daughter Jan, who has "dug in" at Thredbo for a solid seven weeks of skiing. Jan is returning to town just in time to farewell her parents before they sail in the Willem Ruys for Peru on September 11. Later they will cruise round Caribbean islands and then go on to Miami, where they are looking forward to a reunion with their son Peter, who is ending his two years abroad with a six months' stay in America.

MRS. HARRY BELAFONTE says that when her famous husband wants to relax he gets out his shoes and has a cleaning session. "And he's got hundreds of pairs!" she added.

A RUBBER bathing-cap in the form of a curly black wig and long-haired alpaca moccasins from Peru are two fashion pace-setters brought home from New York by Ann Vernon, of Double Bay, who has just returned from an eight months' trip round the world. "The moccasins are wonderful for wearing with slacks this weather, but when I look at the size of my feet in them I feel like the Abominable Snowman," she confided.

THE color theme for the frocks worn by Diana Rhoades and Mrs. Ken Murphie at Diana's full Naval wedding to Lieut. Keith Vincent at the Dockyard Chapel, Garden Island, on September 24, is being dictated by what the groom and his brother officers will be wearing. Diana will be gowned in white, and Mrs. Murphie will attend her, wearing "gold brocade to match the officers' braided uniforms." Lieut. Vincent is a Victorian, and Diana will introduce him to Sydney friends at a cocktail party her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Rhoades, are giving on September 10.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1960





**PRIMROSE** delustrated satin frocks were worn by Wendy Jackett, of Sydney (left), and Sally Drummond, of Wagga, when they attended Marie Sawyer at her wedding to Roger Kendall at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. They carried small posies of hycinths and roses, and wore primrose-and-green feather "butterflies" in their hair.

**AT ST. MARK'S.** From left, mothers of the bridal couple, Mrs. W. H. Kendall, of "Boorooloolo," Wagga, and Mrs. Wallace Sawyer, of "Eringoarrah," Wagga, and Darling Point, with Roger Kendall and his bride, formerly Marie Sawyer, gowned in a magnolia satin classical frock. She carried a sprig of heather from Scotland in her magnolia bouquet.

**GUESTS** at the wedding of Marie Sawyer and Roger Kendall included Brien Cobcroft, of "Parraweena," Willow Tree (left), Mr. and Mrs. Ted Body, of "Bundemar," Trangie, and John Cobcroft (right). A reception at the Royal Sydney Golf Club followed the ceremony at St. Mark's Church.



## MARRIED IN TOWN



**ARRIVING** at St. Philip's, Church Hill, in a rain squall, Brian Holcombe's bride-elect, Margaret Anne Slack-Smith, was assisted by matron of honor Mrs. Charles Radford (left), her aunt, Mrs. T. R. Cole, and her father, Mr. E. W. Slack-Smith, of Wyndella, Burren Junction. Bride's cousin, Catherine Radford, was also a bridesmaid at the ceremony.

**JUST-WED** Brian Holcombe, of "Weetawaa," Merah North, and his bride, formerly Margaret Anne Slack-Smith, leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill, for reception at the Wentworth Hotel given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Slack-Smith, before leaving to honeymoon in Tasmania.





# GREAT NEWS!

COMPLETE RANGE OF  
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## Twin-tub Spin-dry Washers

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# Annie Oakley still scares the boys

## TELEVISION PARADE

● About 20 years ago, a blond, freckle-faced teenager went riding by herself near Little Rock, in Arkansas, U.S.A.

HER friends—all boys—didn't want to go hunting or fishing with her any more.

That dejected girl of two decades ago is Gail Davis, star of the popular "Annie Oakley" TV series. She is a major star in a field completely dominated by men—the Western.

"I'll admit I had a few lonely spells in my lifetime because I could compete with the boys and beat them," she says.

According to Gail, the "Annie Oakley" series is the most interesting and exciting work she has ever done.

"The only qualm I have," she said, "is I don't get to wear many fancy or frilly clothes on the programme. And I like to wear them in real life."

In real life Gail is attractive and the epitome of femininity.

On the programme she has to show very different qualities and wear very practical clothes, because her weekly excursions into the Old West are pretty strenuous.

Annie Oakley doesn't have time to make sure her make-up is just right, or that every hair on her head is in place. There's too much work to do.

### Party dresses

Twice she has been permitted to dress up for parties on the programme in something resembling a dress; most of the time she wears fringed cow-girl outfits, with her hair primly plaited.

The producer says, "Gail looks fragile. But she has to be roughed up by the villain and tumbled off horses and waggon—so with her hair in

pigtails it comes out looking neat."

Gail said: "I think the fact that I'm somewhat of a mess on the show has scared the men in Hollywood. They seem afraid to have me around, just like the kids were back home in Little Rock."

Like most Western heroes, Annie Oakley isn't allowed to have romances.

However, there's a hinted-at love interest with the handsome deputy sheriff, played by burly Brad Johnson.

Talking about the show while she was relaxing at her modern, ranch-style home in Hollywood's San Fernando Valley, Gail said that "Annie Oakley" took liberties with history for the sake of adventure.

"But I don't think anyone really minds," she said.

"In fact, the Lieutenant-

Governor of Ohio once asked me to donate a plaque at Annie's birthplace in Greenville, Ohio. So I guess the folks in her home State like the show."

Gail didn't think of becoming an actress till Western star Gene Autry put the idea in her mind.

They met while Gail was a student at the University of Texas at the end of World War II. At the University, Gail was a member of the school's Blue Bonnet Belles.

The Belles were a group of talented singers and dancers who could shoot, ride, camp out, and take care of themselves.

### Distinction

"It was a mark of distinction to be asked to join the organisation," Gail said. "When I was asked, it was the happiest day of my life."

The Belles went round to various Army hospitals in Texas and put on shows for the soldiers.

"On one of those tours I met Gene. He and his troupe were also putting on a show, and he gave me his card and told me to look him up if I ever came to Hollywood."

"Actually, I had never thought of going into show business until then. But it



WESTERN HEROINE Annie Oakley (Gail Davis) and deputy-sheriff Lofty Craig (Brad Johnson) are "just friends" in the "Annie Oakley" TV series.

was about time I began thinking of a career.

"So I decided to make a career out of doing what I liked most—riding and shooting. After graduation I joined a Wild West show that toured the United States."

"We ended one of the tours in Hollywood, and I went to see Gene. He remembered me and got me a screen test for a part he was casting for one of his movies, 'Cowtown'."

"Well, I guess everyone liked my test, because I got the part in the picture. After that I made 15 movies with Gene and a great many television films with him."

Between movie jobs, Gail used to go off on Wild West tours of America and Canada.

On one of these tours she received a telegram from Autry telling her to fly back to Hollywood to test for the new "Annie Oakley" series.

"I was in Toronto, and I immediately dropped everything," Gail said. "Within two weeks I had tested for the part and signed a contract."

"Ever since then, 'Annie' has been my life."

"Annie" is a well-loved part of life in Australia today. The show is a must with children from seven to 70.

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a smile and refused to make any further comment and the reporters were left to garner what they could from the minor members of the delegation.

Mrs. Hoskins generously remarked that Miss Bagshot was "full of energy and really quite outstanding for a woman of her age"; Evelyn Richards and Horace Cleghorn admitted that Miss Bagshot had grey hair and usually carried an umbrella; James Bailey said she was typical of a fading species—the intrepid, outspoken elderly English maiden.

And Dr. Clark supplied the final touch to Miss Bagshot's public personality by recalling that his "clearest memory of her was pouring out cups of tea for him which, even in the wastes of the Sahara, he was certain she would somehow contrive to keep filled."

Overnight, Miss Lavinia Bagshot and her vacuum flask became as memorable a figure in a million English households as Miss Florence Nightingale and her lamp. The particulars of her speech were recounted and embellished, public opinion began to crystallise, and, from the early, shadowy conception of Miss Bagshot, a gallant, dignified, unmistakably English character began to take shape.

The public took Miss Bagshot and her vacuum flask to their hearts; she was a symbol of a rapidly dwindling Empire, of courage, loyalty, and stoical endurance; a survivor from the days of Kipling. They wrote angry letters to the papers which had criticised her; besought their Members of Parliament to do something about her, and bombarded the Foreign Office with petitions to recover her from the hands of the Communists.

Mr. Peddington-Partridge, abandoning all work on his Lapland Fish Agreements, held agitated conferences with a series of Under-Secretaries. Cabinet Ministers were consulted, resolutions were taken, minute instructions covering every conceivable eventuality were telegraphed out to the British Ambassador.

Under this constant pressure, Sir Reginald was forced into making almost daily protests to the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs, into successive but unproductive visits to the Head of the West European Department, and into abortive attempts to interview members of the Politburo.

This type of useless and incessant activity was not at all

Continuing . . .

## MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

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to Sir Reginald's liking. He was a diplomat of the old school, used to being left in charge of his own Embassy and not badgered by constant demands arising out of Cabinet decisions.

His invaluable secretary, Miss Jacqueline Marsh, was still on holiday, and he was obliged to bark his confidential telegrams to a nervous young typist, whose spelling was appalling and whose efforts to keep the steady stream of visitors out of the sacred precincts of his study were singularly ineffective.

**B**UT Sir Reginald managed to retain his sense of perspective, and the telegrams he sent back to the Foreign Office were masterpieces of commonsense.

1. "As instructed in your telegram X4/128, I have once again approached the Ministry of Foreign Affairs personally about Miss Bagshot. It is still my considered opinion that the Soviet officials are bewildered over the uproar caused in the U.K. by her disappearance."

2. "It is hardly likely that the Soviet Union would seek to jeopardise the good relations which were gradually developing between our two countries by intransigent behaviour over a minor issue of this nature."

3. "Officials with whom I have dealt in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs have been, without exception, genuinely helpful and sympathetic towards our requests. I firmly believe they would willingly disclose Miss Bagshot's whereabouts if they were in a position to do so."

But, with public interest being maintained almost at fever pitch in England, Sir Reginald's rather laconic telegrams were not fully appreciated in the Foreign Office. Every day the headlines and the telegrams became more hysterical. And with no sign of a slackening of public fervor, the Bagshot case entered its second week as a national news story.

Jackie Marsh, sunburnt and enthusiastic after her fortnight's holiday in Central Asia, arrived back in Moscow at midday on Monday, June the tenth. Ow-

ing to a faulty plane connection at Stalingrad, she was already half a day overdue for work at the Embassy and, well acquainted with Sir Reginald's uncertain temper, she merely dropped in at her flat long enough to change her clothes after two days' travelling, splash in and out of a warm bath, and assure herself that Miss Bagshot had recovered from her cold.

"But you must eat some lunch," fussed Miss Bagshot. "Let me pop an egg on to boil."

"I really haven't time for lunch and I'm not at all hungry," Jackie protested.

She was applying her powder base as she talked. But when she reached for her lipstick in the familiar disorder of her top drawer, she paused for a moment.

"How beautifully tidy everything is. You have been busy, Miss Bagshot. The flat looks wonderful. Have you been quite comfortable? Anything been happening while I was away?"

"No. Nothing has happened at all," Miss Bagshot said placidly.

"I've had a wonderful rest and been thoroughly lazy. But now you are back, I must bestir myself about my own business. I'll go down to the Metropole Hotel this afternoon, ask about a reservation and see if there are any letters for me."

"Oh, don't hurry about that," Jackie said hospitably. "It won't matter if you stay on here for a few more days. I can easily sleep on the divan in the sitting-room. We'll have plenty of time to talk about it when I get home from the Embassy this evening."

With a carefree wave of her hand, Jackie raced down the stairs two at a time and set off for the Embassy.

Little June McGuire, the typist who had been endeavoring to fill Jackie's place during her absence, became almost incoherent with relief when she appeared in the office.

"Oh, Jackie, I'm so pleased to see you. It's been so awful. When I told H.E. this morning that you weren't back, I

thought he was going to have a fit. Goodness, how he terrifies me."

"Yes," Jackie agreed. "I expect I'm in for a bad ten minutes when he first sees me."

But when she presented herself in Sir Reginald's study a few minutes later, he only looked up at her through his eyebrows and contented himself with saying rather cryptically, "So you're back, Miss Marsh. I was beginning to think you had decided to disappear, too."

"I'm very sorry, Sir Reginald," Jackie apologised. "I missed a plane connection in Stalingrad."

Sir Reginald grunted, handed her a pile of drafts and said he hoped there would be no more spelling mistakes, tiny margins, and typing errors.

"And now you are here, you can keep all these people out of my study. Understand? When Mr. Napier arrives, I'll see him but nobody else. Thank heaven I don't have to tell you to shut the door."

"Napier," mused Jackie, carrying Sir Reginald's papers back to her office. June McGuire was already collecting her own effects and preparing to retire gratefully back into the typist's room.

"Napier," said Jackie again. "Who is he, exactly?"

"Oh, he's nice! He doesn't terrify me at all," sighed June. "But you see it's his aunt who—"

"Is he quite young, tall, very English?"

"Yes," agreed June. "Very polite. It's not his fault there's all this fuss. But whenever he comes—"

A Chancery guard knocked at the door.

"Mr. Napier to see the Ambassador. Shall I show him in?"

"Yes," said Jackie, but her curiosity got the better of her. "Just a minute, Arthur. I'll take him in myself."

She crossed over to the door, opened it wide and recognised Humphrey, taller than she remembered but with the same serious, unemotional gravity.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Napier. I see you're finding your way round Moscow quite easily," she smiled.

"Oh, it's you," said Hum-

phrey, rather startled to be confronted with Jackie instead of June. He discovered that her complete self-assurance still had the power of unnerving him into being stiff and awkward. "I thought you must belong to the Embassy."

"At least you now have the advantage of me," Jackie laughed. "I still don't know what your business is in Moscow."

"Then you must be one of the few people in England or Russia who doesn't," Humphrey said wryly. "As it's such public property now, I can't imagine why I didn't tell you all about it that first morning. I've no doubt you could have invented some very interesting theories about my aunt's disappearance."

"Oh, has your aunt disappeared? I'm very sorry," Humphrey stared at her with disbelief.

"Do you mean to say you haven't heard anything about it? All these headlines about Miss Bagshot?"

"Miss Bagshot?" Jackie was so astonished that her first reaction was amusement rather than alarm. Humphrey Napier and Miss Bagshot were such an unlikely combination. "Is Miss Bagshot your aunt? But, of course, I know where she is."

"Where?"

"In my flat."

**H**UMPHREY did not consider facetiousness very appropriate at the present time.

"If the Ambassador is free I should like to see him now," he said, and turned away from her down the corridor.

Jackie was left standing at the door, a perplexed expression on her face.

"He's really very worried," June's gentle voice came from behind her. "It wasn't very nice of you to start joking about it, Jackie. You don't know what it's been like here these last two weeks, or you wouldn't dream of being frivolous about it. She must have disappeared about the time you went on leave."

June was so eager to explain the Bagshot case that she failed to notice the strange, almost desperate look which came into Jackie's eyes as she told her story.

"... When Mr. Napier couldn't find any trace of her at any of the Moscow hotels, he got in touch with the Embassy and then the newspapers

got hold of the story and then 'Pravda' took it up—"

"'Pravda'? What's 'Pravda' got to do with it?" Jackie was growing steadily more apprehensive.

"They say she's a British spy, anyway, a capitalist provocateur. Here's all the files I haven't put away yet and there are those two red boxes over there and more in the Registry. Thank goodness you'll have to look after them from now on and not me."

Jackie scarcely noticed June's departure. She slumped down at her desk and began to sift through the telegrams. There was a bundle of newspaper cuttings in one tray and a headline caught her eye. "Bagshot Mystery Deepens." She picked it up, read the first few paragraphs and sat staring at them aghast.

"The Prime Minister has called for a report on the diplomatic exchanges between Russian and British officials on the Bagshot case."

"The Government is aware that the affair, which has already led to the cancellation of a Soviet cultural delegation's visit to London, could blow up into a situation with grave international repercussions."

"The Prime Minister, on holiday at his cottage in Wiltshire, has been in touch with the Foreign Secretary and is obviously worried."

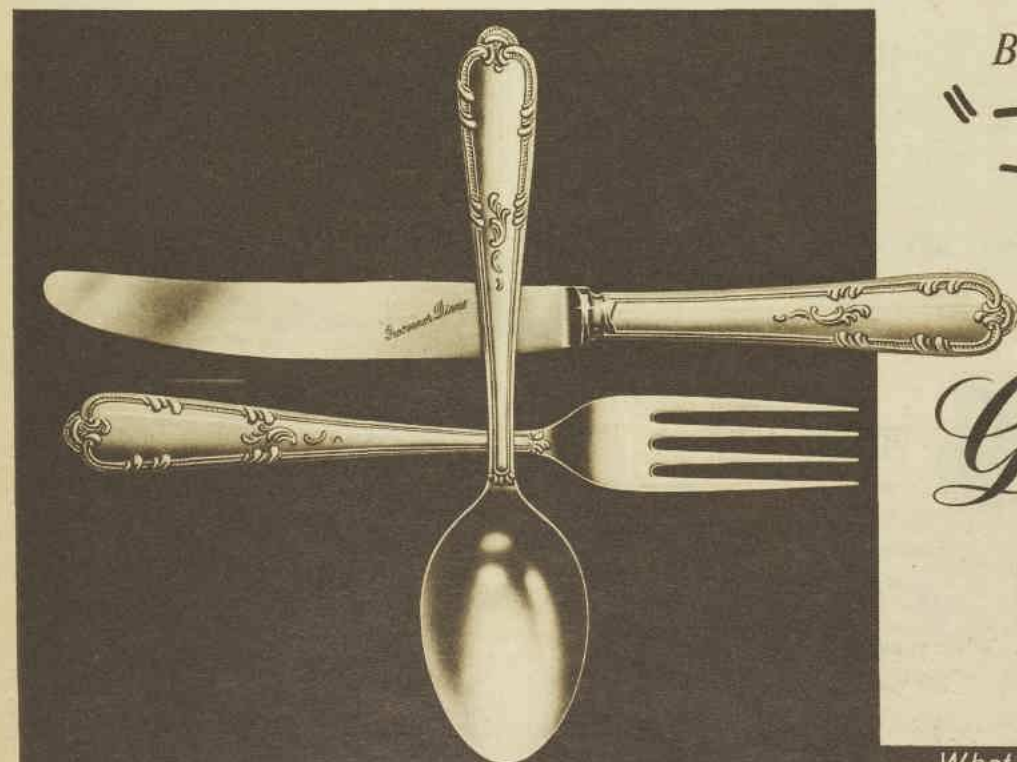
"When Parliament is recalled, Mr. James Burrell, M.P. for Oxted, the constituency where Miss Bagshot lives, intends to ask the Foreign Secretary for a full inquiry into the affair. Other M.P.s want to know why Miss Bagshot went to Russia and why the British Embassy has been unable to force any satisfactory explanation of her disappearance from the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs."

"The Government will try to repair the damage to Anglo-Russian understanding—while still insisting that it has the right to know the fate and whereabouts of any British subject in a foreign country."

The situation was so much worse than June had hinted, that Jackie had difficulty in believing it at all. She had had no lunch and very little breakfast but the cold emptiness inside her had very little to do with food.

At last she stood up, shrugged, and decided it would be better to get it over with,

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1960



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—By Rosaline Redwood, New Zealand.

## GARDENING



**MALUS GOLDEN BEAUTY** (above) grows 12ft. tall. In autumn it is decked with masses of golden-yellow fruit.

**ARBUTUS UNEDO** (right), known as Irish strawberry tree, is an evergreen which grows to 15ft.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1960

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walked quickly down the corridor to the Ambassador's study.

Sir Reginald and Humphrey Napier were seated at opposite sides of the desk and Sir Reginald gave one of his impatient grunts as she opened the door.

"Well, Miss Marsh? I trust this is important. I said I was not to be interrupted."

"It is important, Sir Reginald," Jackie said, trying to keep her voice from quavering childishly. "It's about Miss Bagshot. I know where she is."

"You know where she is? Then why, for heaven's sake, haven't you said so before this?"

"I didn't know everyone thought she had disappeared," Jackie said, standing her ground. "She's been in my flat the whole time."

"And why, in the name of heaven, should she be in your flat?"

"She had a cold," Jackie said lamely.

"She had—a cold," Sir Reginald repeated Jackie's words. Suddenly he lifted up his hands, brought them crash-

ing down violently on the desk and thundered at her.

"Do you realise, Miss Marsh, that there has been practically no work done in this Embassy for the past two weeks, that the British and Soviet Governments have passed each other notes on the subject, that the London newspapers have been shrieking for satisfaction, that relations between the two countries have been practically paralysed—all because, as you now calmly announce, Miss Bagshot—had—a cold?"

"Honestly, I'm very sorry about it, Sir Reginald," Jackie said, and there was no doubting the sincerity of her self-reproach. But she did not flinch before Sir Reginald's intimidating roar. She stood very straight beside the door, almost motionless, with her head up, her eyes quite candid and resolute.

With fascination, Humphrey watched her. There was an innate dignity and courage about her, which impressed him more than he was willing to admit. The statement she had made in the corridor was not after

Continuing . . .

## MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

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all a facetious joke. He was relieved to hear that Miss Bagshot appeared to be quite safe, but, inexplicably, he found himself still tense with anxiety over this girl.

"I can see now that perhaps I should have told somebody at the Embassy about lending my flat," Jackie was saying evenly. "But, at the time, it didn't seem so very important. Miss Bagshot didn't know anyone in Moscow, and my flat was a much more comfortable place for her than the hotel. She didn't say anything about having a nephew. Neither did Mr. Napier—say anything about her, I mean."

"Have you two met before?" Sir Reginald barked.

"The first day I arrived in Moscow, sir," Humphrey admitted. "Miss Marsh helped me to get my room at the Metropole."

"Miss Marsh seems to be laboring under a delusion that it is the function of Embassy personnel to provide some sort of Cook's Tour facilities for British visitors," Sir Reginald said, glaring fiercely at her.

"The only way to deal with British tourists is to avoid them completely. Unless they actually come and pester you in office hours, you should take no notice of them whatever."

SIR REGINALD appeared to be simmering down into a more equable frame of mind. Jackie knew from experience that his terrifying outbursts seldom lasted for long, but Humphrey was amazed at the completely relaxed, almost impartial attitude he now seemed to adopt. He got up from his chair and paced up and down, considering the problem dispassionately.

"What we must begin to think about now is how we are going to release this most important and splendidly commonplace development in the Press. Miss Bagshot had a cold. So she stayed in Miss Marsh's flat for two weeks and everyone else had a mild case of hysteria."

He spun round and confronted Jackie.

"Where is Miss Bagshot now?"

"In my flat, I think," Jackie said, and hesitated. "She did say something about going down to the Metropole to see about a room, but I told her we could do it tomorrow."

"Get on to her then, right away, and keep her in the flat," commanded Sir Reginald. "And ring the garage to send me the Rolls. I'll go straight over to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and see if we can't reach some sort of compromise before the whole thing goes any further. All the two of you have to do is to keep Miss Bagshot away from the Metropole and all those correspondents until I've discussed the position with the Russians."

It sounded simple enough, but when Jackie phoned her flat there was no reply. After Sir Reginald had left she tried again and again.

"We'll have to go round there," Jackie said at last.

She and Humphrey took an Embassy duty car and reached the flat twenty minutes later to find it empty.

"Her things are still here," called Jackie, who had rushed ahead into the bedroom. "I'll stay and wait until she gets back. You take the car on to the Metropole and see if you can head her off there."

"All right, if I find her I'll bring her back here," he said.

It was only when he was back in the car on the way to

the Metropole that he remembered he had not asked Jackie for her phone number. As there was no public telephone directory in Moscow, he had no way of getting in touch with her again, short of leaving his post in the hotel foyer.

Altogether it proved to be rather a difficult position. The hotel was swarming with resident and visiting newspapermen, all of whom knew Humphrey and waylaid him for the latest developments. There was no sign of Miss Bagshot.

Humphrey attempted a few discreet exploratory remarks with one of the Assistant Administrators, bought a copy of "New Times" from the hotel bookstall, and settled down in a strategic corner of the foyer behind a screen of potted vegetation.

There he was discovered an hour later by Stewart Ferguson.

"Waiting for someone?"

Humphrey put down the

you come round to her flat with me after dinner?"

"I don't really know her. I told you I only met her briefly at the Embassy this afternoon," Humphrey excused himself.

"Oh, Jackie's not a conventional type. She won't mind. She'll just offer us a drink and throw us out if we're in the way. Tell you what—I'll give her a ring and say we're coming if it'd make you feel any better about it."

"She looked rather—er—tired when I saw her at the Embassy. I gather she'd been travelling all night. She'll probably want to go to bed early," stammered Humphrey, quite alarmed.

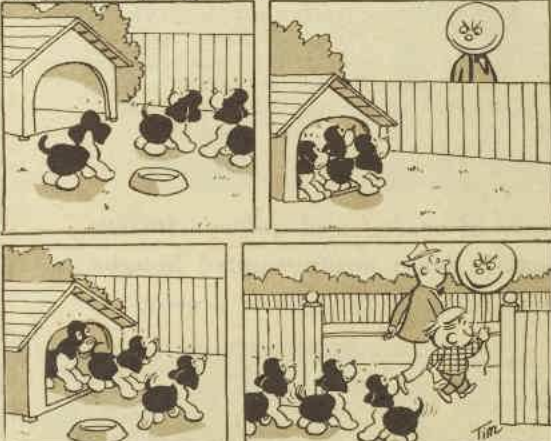
"We'll talk about it at dinner then," agreed Stewart. "Sure you don't want to come for a walk to the Post Office?"

Humphrey declined once again, barely waiting until Stewart was out of the swing doors before he jumped up himself and went to find a taxi. It was already seven o'clock and,

### FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



copy of "New Times" and tried to appear suitably bored. "Just filling in time until dinner."

"Come for a walk, then. I'm just off to the Central Post Office with a story."

"I've been walking all day," objected Humphrey. And then, in what he hoped was an offhand voice: "What's your story about? Anything interesting?"

"Not a Miss Bagshot. I only wish it was," grinned Stewart. "But I've thought up a promising line of inquiry. I hear my girl-friend arrived back at the Embassy today—the Ambassador's secretary."

"I think I met her this afternoon," Humphrey said in a slightly strangled voice. "A Miss Marsh? Is she your girl-friend?"

"Well, I take her out sometimes," Stewart said, and added with engaging candor: "It's useful to be on good terms with the Ambassador's secretary."

"Oh? Does she tell you things?" Humphrey had an uncomfortable feeling that he was indulging in fifth-column activity, but Stewart's reply was reassuring.

"She's like a clam when it comes to anything important but at least she sees to it that I don't miss any regular hand-outs. No, in the Bagshot business, it was something quite different I had in mind. Jackie's been away all this time, so I couldn't get in touch with her before. But it was at her flat I first met your aunt. Of course, it mightn't mean a thing. It was just one of these wild Moscow parties and some of that Anti-Fascist delegation came along. I daresay Jackie hasn't seen her since, but it just occurred to me it might be worth following up. Why don't

if Miss Bagshot had not come to the hotel by now, he was certain she would have found her way back to the flat.

"No luck?" demanded Jackie, opening the door. "None here, either. Where on earth do you think she could have got to?" She sounded despondent. All the same Humphrey noticed she had been making the greatest practical use of her time in the flat. She had changed her clothes and was now wearing a comfortable pair of slacks and a roomy jumper.

"Bacon and eggs?" asked Jackie as Humphrey followed her into the kitchen. "It's what I'm having."

"Thank you," said Humphrey. "You don't look very worried by all this."

"Well, there's no point in fussing unless you can do something about it, is there?" Jackie said. "I've already phoned the Embassy, which is all I can do. H.E.'s got to go out to a dinner party at the Italian Embassy but he said to phone again later in the evening. He sounded pleased with himself."

"Did he? How did he get on this afternoon?"

"I didn't ask and he couldn't have told me over the phone, even if he'd wanted to. It was difficult enough putting my own information across with any telephone operator who might care to be listening in. I said I was alone in the flat, and he said to phone the duty Secretary if I was still alone by ten o'clock. Do you like your bacon well done?"

Humphrey said that he did and began to tell her about Stewart Ferguson.

"Don't worry about old Stewart, I can handle him," Jackie assured him. "Two eggs or one?"

"One," said Humphrey, beginning to despair that Jackie would ever settle down to a serious discussion of the situation. "But you don't understand. What if he arrives here at the same time as Aunt Lavinia gets to the doorstep?"

"Then let's hope he takes your advice and phones first," Jackie said with undiminished cheerfulness. "Could you go and put the knives and forks on the table in the sitting-room? I'm just bringing the tray in now."

Humphrey found Jackie only slightly more reasonable when she had eaten her bacon and eggs. She agreed that there were at least a hundred possible explanations of Miss Bagshot's new and genuine disappearance.

"But there's really no point in discussing any of those theories," said Jackie. "Miss Bagshot seemed to me the sort of person who was well able to take care of herself. So let's wait a few hours and see how this is going to turn out instead of speculating about it."

"Now, if you aren't prepared to talk about anything else, at least let's have a game of scrabble or canasta to fill in the time until ten o'clock."

"Where do you come from?" she asked suddenly, after their third hand of canasta.

"Surrey, near Oxley."

"How funny. I was born just near there. Do you know a little place called Cheddar's Mount?"

"Of course; it's only five miles away."

"I lived there until I was two. My father was the vicar."

"Your father's a vicar?" Humphrey was incredulous.

"He's a very modern clergyman," retorted Jackie. "What does your father do? Oh, I remember. I read it in one of the newspaper cuttings. He's a solicitor. I'll bet he's an old-fashioned one," she added rather rudely.

"As a matter of fact, he is," said Humphrey. "The phone bell interrupted them at this point and Jackie jumped up to answer it."

"Hullo? Why, Stew Ferguson, this is a surprise." She pantomimed reassurance to Humphrey. "Oh, yes, I had a wonderful time. Come round here? You mean tonight? Well, as a matter of fact, I was just going to bed. It's rather late, isn't it? Only nine o'clock? Well, I was on the plane all last night. Make it tomorrow night, Stew. I'll tell you all about Central Asia then. Mmm? Oh, yes. Bring anyone you like. Fine. Bye."

"You are," she told Humphrey, "being dragged around by Stewart to meet me tomorrow night."

"You could have put him off. Why didn't you say you were going out?"

"Because everyone in the foreign colony knows everyone else's business. Stew's no fool."

HUMPHREY was shocked by this free-and-easy attitude. He started to say that he was sure her father would not approve, her entertaining young men at all hours. But Jackie snapped that he was unutterably Victorian and soon they were bickering heatedly, their dull game of canasta forgotten.

"It's ten o'clock," Jackie exclaimed, surprised in the middle of a violent argument she had been conducting quite happily. "That was a much more interesting way of passing the time than playing cards. You're certainly consistent with your stuffy opinions, aren't you? Just let me go and phone the Embassy and we'll start again."

But Humphrey, who had

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been much more earnest in his arguments, could not turn them on and off like a tap. He found Jackie's erratic behaviour very bewildering, and when her abrupt departure for the telephone brought him back sharply to the problem of Miss Bagshot (which he had succeeded in forgetting quite inexplicably for the last hour), he fell into a state of depression, which all Jackie's attempts at distraction were unable to drive away.

But Humphrey's depression continued for another half-hour.

At the end of another half hour, Sir Reginald, who had come home early from his dinner-party, phoned for the latest news.

"Well, don't worry," he comforted with a philosophy probably induced by the Italian Ambassador's excellent brandy. "Wait up till about midnight and then go to bed. I'll leave it until eleven before sending the last report in to the Foreign Office."

At eleven-thirty, Jackie and Humphrey, who had resorted to canasta again in desperation, were aroused by a ring at the doorbell.

Jackie was the first to reach it and fling it open. Miss Bagshot stood there, shaking raindrops from her umbrella.

"Just as well I remembered to take it," she said. "It came down quite hard as I got off the bus."

Jackie exclaimed, "Miss Bagshot, where on earth have you been?"

"Well, Humphrey, this is a surprise," said Miss Bagshot, sinking into the most comfortable armchair and looking up at her grand-nephew with genuine pleasure mingled with a very natural curiosity. "I had no idea you were coming to Moscow. And fancy you knowing Miss Marsh, too! My dear, if it's not too much trouble, I should love a cup of tea. I've been drinking this Russian tea all the evening, but you know I don't really count that."

"But where have you been?" demanded Jackie on her way out to the kitchen.

"Oh, I've had a very nice

Continuing . . .

## MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 58

little adventure," said Miss Bagshot, with a sigh of content. "And I shall tell you all about it while we're having our tea. Your mother and father are quite well, I hope, Humphrey? And dear Constance?"

But, for once, Humphrey had no time for polite platitudes. Brushing them aside, he began to explain with laborious legal precision what had brought him to Moscow, what had happened since he arrived and exactly how he had become acquainted with Miss Jackie Marsh.

Miss Bagshot neither interrupted, nor questioned him, nor changed her unruffled expression. It was only as he reached the end of his account that she clucked her tongue impatiently, sat up quite straight in the armchair, and announced, "This situation has, of course, nothing whatsoever to do with me, but if, as you say, all these newspaper people have been put to such a lot of trouble and expense, it seems only right that I should go along to the hotel tomorrow and apologise to them. And I daresay that will finish the whole rather foolish episode."

"I shouldn't worry too much about the newspapers," advised Jackie. "I'm sure they've had their money's worth out of it all. Besides, the Ambassador particularly asked us to keep you away from any correspondents."

"So all we have to do now," concluded Jackie, "is to wait patiently in the background until the Embassy has consulted the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs and decided what is going to happen next."

Miss Bagshot agreed that, with such competent advisers, it would be impertinent for her to suggest a course of action to follow.

"Of course, I shall do anything the Ambassador thinks right. If he doesn't wish me

to talk to these correspondents, then I shall not. There is only one condition I must insist on, too, went to a lot of trouble and expense coming to Moscow, and so far I have got very little out of it. I refuse to go home with only half an impression — it would worry me for the rest of my life."

At this Humphrey was prompted to protest. "But surely, after all this fuss you've caused, Aunt Lavinia, you must see that the only thing left to do is to come home immediately."

"As I have already pointed out, my dear Humphrey, I have not been the person to cause all this fuss. I have been behaving in a perfectly normal, sensible manner and it is hardly my fault if everyone else took temporary leave of their senses. I have done nothing illegal or even mildly eccentric, and if the Soviet Government is willing to extend my visa, I see no reason why I should not stay."

"But where would you stay?" broke in Jackie. "The hotels are very short of accommodation and I don't suppose the Embassy would let you go on staying with me now."

"I intend to stay with a real Russian family. I found them to-night," Miss Bagshot said. "A Russian family?" echoed Humphrey in disbelief.

"How did you meet them?" asked Jackie.

"It was in a church," explained Miss Bagshot. "At least it looked like a church from the outside," amended Miss Bagshot, stirring her tea and sipping at it thoughtfully. "I could see it rising up above all the little wooden houses as I got off the bus. You see, I had planned to go down to the Metropole this afternoon, but as I'd come from there in a taxi, I wasn't really sure of the way. So I decided it would be better to leave that to do with Jackie in the morning. But it

was such a lovely afternoon and I was feeling so pleasantly energetic that I wanted to make a little expedition somewhere. So I caught the first bus which came along and went right to the terminus."

"The church had one complete onion dome on the top and four little cupolas around it, which looked quite solid from a distance; but when I had climbed up the hill — it stood on quite a high piece of ground — I could see they were broken and dilapidated."

"There was a stone wall round the church and a little boy in knickerbockers was playing with some sand. He stopped and stared at me and then he ran into the church. A few minutes later, two little girls came out, too, and we all walked around the church together, and then they took me inside. At first I thought there must be a service going on and their parents were attending it, but as soon as we passed the big padded entrance door, I realised that they lived there."

"Inside the church, the roof reached up as far as the high dome but the stone floor was divided off into rough little partitions about six-feet high with beds and tables and cupboards fitted round them."

"The little girls led me up to the end of the church behind the place where the altar had been. There was a sort of communal bench there with buckets of water beneath it and a row of primus stoves on top. It was clean and neat but it looked so very strange with the old frescoes on the walls and the high arches rising up to the roof."

"There were four women in this odd little kitchen and the children chattered to them, introducing me. They smiled at me and one took off her apron, pointed to a big samovar in the corner and began to get out some glass tea mugs."

"We sat down and drank tea and the women began discussing me between them."

"At last one of them sent the boy across to a house somewhere outside the church. When he came back he had a younger woman with him — she could not have been more than forty — and she spoke a little German."

"When I told her I was English, they all became very excited. One of them — the one who had offered me the tea — said she had a granddaughter who was studying English at some Institute, and could I stay for a while until the girl came home as she would be so thrilled to meet a real English person."

"There were twelve families living in the church and soon they began arriving home. Suddenly the church seemed to be full of people, fathers and mothers home from work, school children coming in from play and quite a few young people who had been working or studying."

"At last the granddaughter came home, too. She was a tall, fair girl called Anna and at first she was very shy because she had never met a foreigner before."

"Her mother was a tiny little woman who worked in a bread shop and her father was a large, hearty man with a red nose, and a deep, jovial laugh. He said he drove a bus. They were both immensely proud of Anna because she was a grammatical person and they told me it could happen only in the Soviet Union that a child of working-class parents could become a member of the intelligentsia. I said this was nonsense and that my milkman at home had a son who was going to the university."

"Then they asked me questions about England; what we ate and whether we cooked on gas or primus stoves. They said that gas would be laid on in their suburb under the next five-year plan and they pointed to the electric light which they were quite certain did not exist in English workers' homes."

"Anna's grandmother brought us in big bowls of soup, and when the other neighbors had finished their evening meal, they all came crowding into my family's

corner of the church. One of them had a balalaika and another one an accordion and they played and sang old folk songs with everyone joining in."

"It's difficult to describe how I felt in the church. It seemed to me that the whole of Russia must be there in that one large room of the little church. There was the old Russia of the church frescoes and domes and the sad peasant songs and the new Russia of the young educated girls like Anna with their pride in the electric light and the five-year plans."

"Anna confided to me that the young man called Sasha, who was playing the balalaika, wanted to marry her but her parents did not consider it a very suitable match because he was only a bricklayer and had no ambition to be anything else. Instead of studying and going to night school, he spent his free time strumming on the balalaika and watching football matches. He was a merry young man with a tanned face and a way of looking at Anna which made me doubt that she would be able to hold out against him for long, despite her parents' objections."

"He looked across at us talking and began experimenting with a few chords. Then, quite suddenly, he started to sing 'It's a long way to Tipperary.' Only he muddled it all up."

"I laughed, and Anna laughed, and soon they were all laughing. There was no embarrassment any more — not that there had been much at any time; but I was conscious that they had been thinking of me as a foreigner and behaving more politely perhaps than they did on normal evenings. The families, who had been eyeing me from the outskirts of the group, pressed forward, too, and began to ask about England and the outside world. Anna was kept very busy translating."

"Sasha took advantage of all this conversation to drop his balalaika and come to sit beside Anna. When one of the women started telling me about

To page 63

## Palmolive Beauty Plan gives

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# Fashion PATTERNS

## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F5897. — Easy-to-make overblouse has a deep V-neck. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F5849. — Pretty, lightweight coat for the teenager features short sleeves and a neat little collar. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5850. — Princess-line frock for the fashion-conscious teenager. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5906. — Glamor-styled dress is perfect for dinner-dances. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. plain material and 2½yds. embroidered material, or 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F5897

F5849

F5850

F5906

F5902

F5899

F5899. — Simple but elegant, this frock-and-jacket ensemble has large buttons and a slim skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. contrast. Price 4/9.

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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 319—GIRL'S SHORTIE PYJAMAS  
Dainty pyjamas for a little girl are available cut out ready to sew. Material is seersucker in pink, blue, and white. Sizes 4 to 6 years, 27/6; 6 to 10 years, 29/3; 12 years, 31/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

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Unusual heart-shaped duchesse set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on pink, blue, green, cream, and white Irish linen. Price is 7/6 for complete set. Postage 1/6 extra.

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Pretty style for a teenager is available cut out ready to sew. Material is poplin in lilac, lupin-blue, sea-green, emerald, grey, red, and royal-blue. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 36/8. Postage 4/6 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

319

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## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD  
For week beginning August 22



### ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Lucky color for love, orange.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in a programme.



### TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Lucky color for love, white.  
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in romance.



### GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.  
★ Gambling colors, mauve, silver.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.  
★ Luck on the threshold.



### CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, rose.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
★ Luck through a publication.



### LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.  
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
★ Luck in managing money.



### VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.  
★ Luck in bounding vitality.



### LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Lucky color for love, black.  
★ Gambling colors, black, white.  
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in a quiet interlude.



### SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Lucky color for love, pastels.  
★ Gambling colors, pastels.  
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in clubs, organisations.



### SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Lucky color for love, green.  
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
★ Luck in your career.



### CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Lucky color for love, violet.  
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.  
★ Luck in travel.



### AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Lucky color for love, brown.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.  
★ Luck through merit.



### PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Lucky color for love, red.  
★ Gambling colors, red, black.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.  
★ Luck in team work.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



# ON FATHER'S DAY

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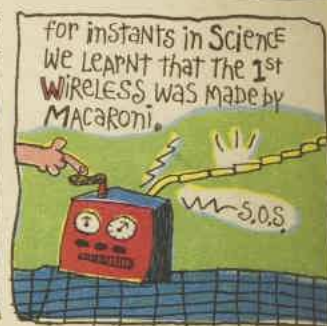
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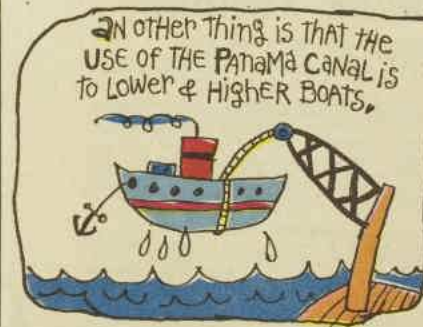
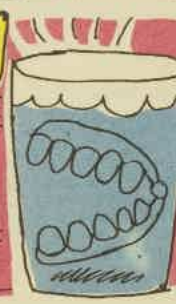
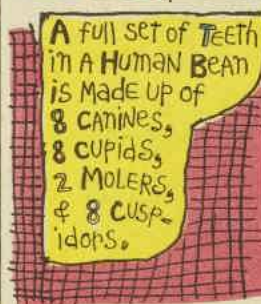
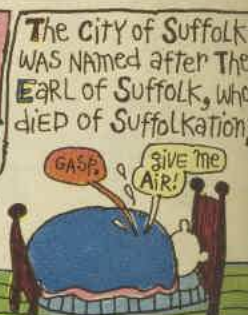
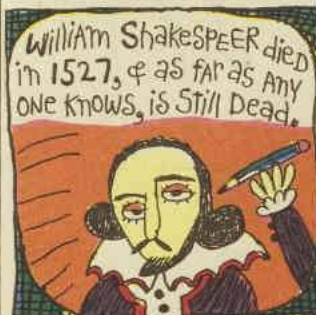
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## JACKY'S DIARY by JACKY Mendelsohn Age 32½



Another Thing we LEARNED is that The WRIGHT Brothers were the 1st people to FLY, and pretty soon after that the AIRPLANE WAS INVENTED.

also the reason WHY you SEE the SMOKE come out of a GUN before you HEAR it SHOOT, is on a COUNT of the SMOKE COMES out first.



### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 24, 1960



# Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is tracing the Abominable Snowman in the Himalayas. A girl disguised in a furry suit leads him to a city in the heart of a mountain, where he meets Zeus, the ruler of Olympus. Zeus tells Mandrake that Man's rapid de-

velopment is forcing them to leave Olympus, lest they be discovered. Mandrake, helpless from the blast of a stun-ray, is taken to the slopes of Mt. Arat. The Olympians then board their rocket-ship. NOW READ ON:



AS THE GREAT ROCKET SHIP LEAVES THE DOMED CITY, EXPLOSIVES ARE DETONATED—



MILES AWAY—NARX AND LOTHAR SEE THE EXPLOSION—



THE OLYMPIANS COME FOREVER TO THEIR OWN PLANET—EARTH TO THEM WAS ONLY A WINTER RESORT—



A VOLCANIC ERUPTION! OH—IF MANDRAKE IS STILL INSIDE THE PEAK—

AMAZING! THERE'S NEVER BEEN VOLCANIC ACTIVITY IN THESE MOUNTAINS!



THERE'S A MAN THERE ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE! IT'S—MANDRAKE!



MANDRAKE—WE'VE FOUND YOU! WE KNEW YOU WERE ALIVE! MANDRAKE—WHAT'S THE MATTER—WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK?

CONTINUED—

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- These flowers produce no odd red horns (13).
- Nobleman with a tan robe (7).
- Card game in which an atom breaks up (5).
- Harsh sound is inside (5).
- At the beginning of a sentence (7).
- Science of morals (6).
- Part of a volcano bousing a rat (6).
- Cassin's brother who used a tropical plant as door-opener (3, 4).
- Estate lost in races (5).
- Claw and the cards left after deal (5).
- To make aware a musically very gentle elevation (7).
- Quadrupeds the first half of which when turned indicates a Scotsman (6).
- Sixty minutes in academic rank (6).



Solution of last week's crossword.

### DOWN

- Bird often mentioned with a hood (5).
- Resembling a hideous giant (7).
- Weight, but not very weighty (5).
- Tempt with a very cold end (6).
- Red prop (Anagr. 7).
- Eye-socket, you may rob it or take a morsel of food (5).
- It teaches orthography, starting with an incantation (7).
- The last ice is springy (7).
- Means of conveying water or TV (7).
- Dire art (Anagr., 7).
- Revolutionary killed in his bath (5).
- The Mohammedan world (5).
- Quite enough to lap me (5).
- Let turn the centre part of this pillar with inscription (5).

Solution will be published next week.

Continuing . . .

## MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 60

her operation for appendicitis, waving Anna aside and making her meaning quite clear with sign language, I noticed that Sasha at last managed to detach Anna from the group. The woman who had had the appendicitis was large and rosy, and frankly enjoyed the attention of all her neighbors.

"Soon there were only a few families still up. Many of them went to work at seven in the morning, so the ones who were now awake began to talk in whispers.

"Several times I suggested that I should go but they were all so warm and friendly and curious and begged me to stay for 'just a few more minutes.' When I finally did get up, they made me promise that I would come back to see them again.

"That was when I asked if I could come and live in their church for three months. I said it jokingly, but they were so hospitable they immediately began discussing where they could put up another partition. I asked about English lessons and they were certain they could find me pupils.

"I told them I would see about extending my visa and come back another evening. Everyone who was still awake came to the door of the church to say good-bye and Anna insisted on walking down to the bus terminus. Sasha said he would come, too, although her father protested loudly.

"There was a pale lightening in the sky and the church looked very beautiful silhouetted against it. Sasha, who was, I thought, a very interesting young man, began to talk quite a lot. He had said very little there in the church—just smiled and played his balalaika. But now he pointed back at the church and told me that he and Anna had both grown up there and it was the only home they had ever known. He said there was no point in working hard and finding a better job just to move from one crowded block of flats to another.

"If he worked, he wanted to have something to show for it—a house of his own and a little garden where he could grow things, and perhaps a car. He asked if an engineer would have such things in England. At first Anna did not want to translate this. She argued gently with Sasha but he made her translate. He said that one day they would begin to realise in Russia that not everyone would work just because work was a noble thing in itself. There were plenty of practical people who needed more definite goals. It's no use telling me that my children will have everything they want. I want all these things now for myself and my wife.

"I told him that, if many people felt like that, he should prepare for the time to come by studying. He laughed, and said 'Perhaps I will. After all, the right wife is probably more important than the right home.' Anna smiled at him and they waved to me as the bus went off, and when I looked back, they were going up the hill together with their arms linked."

Miss Bagshot leaned forward in her chair and looked at Jackie, who was sitting in her favorite position, cross-legged on the floor. Then she glanced up at Humphrey fidgeting on one of the straight chairs.

"So now tell me," she said, "if you think they were genuine people I met tonight or not?"

"They were quite genuine, of course. But if you meet them a second time, it won't be the

same." Jackie said with conviction. "I know exactly how you feel at the moment. I've known a few Russians myself—just the sort of warm-hearted, genuine people you describe. Usually I've met them quite by accident—on trains, in parks, or sitting at the same table in a restaurant. And that first meeting always left a very pleasant memory behind it.

"But whenever I was eager and foolhardy enough to take it further, I was always disillusioned. Often, when I've made an appointment, they simply didn't turn up for the second meeting. When they did, there was something strained about it. Either they were frightened to be seen with me and hustled out of the hotel foyer into some insignificant little restaurant or they made a great display of bravado and called openly at the flat without even mentioning the militiaman at the entrance. That was when they were important and influential and I knew they had gone to the trouble of getting permission to see me. "But the ordinary simple folk talk it over with their

● If a mixing-bowl slips around on the table, put a folded wiping-up cloth underneath while beating or stirring.

neighbors and boast about their foreign acquaintance and soon it gets to the ears of someone with a Party card. Everyone is questioned and the whole innocent episode is discussed. After they've been cross-examined on what questions the foreigner asked and what answers they gave, and been told that that reply was not quite in keeping with the current Party line, and at a future meeting, they should say this and that and ask about equal pay for women in the West and what about colonial policy—well fairly soon they get the idea that it's far too complicated to bother with foreigners after all.

"I'm sorry if I sound cynical about making Russian friends. You've probably noticed we all are—all the foreigners who live in Moscow. Stew Fergusson and the correspondents, the staffs of the Embassies, the businessmen who come here regularly.

"But we weren't like that when we came here. We've been rebuffed and disillusioned so many times that now we stick together as a closed little community of our own. We're foreigners here and we'll never be anything else. So I wouldn't advise you to go back to your church, Miss Bagshot. You'll only be disappointed."

Miss Bagshot stared for a long time at her hands folded quietly in her lap.

"I'm sorry, my dear," she said suddenly. "I should take your word for all this, I know. It would be much simpler for everyone if I went back to England with Humphrey and forgot about my private dreams of getting to know and feel what it is like to really live here in Russia. But I am afraid I have never taken anyone's word for anything and it's too late for me to change my ways now.

"All my life, my one ambition has been to see everything for myself. I don't want to tell other people about it or try to convert them with any of my discoveries. I simply want to know for myself. So you will have to tell your Ambassador that in the morning. If my visa

is still in order, then I intend to stay. Humphrey, it's very late. I think you should go back to the hotel and let us get to bed."

It would have been useless to continue the argument with Miss Bagshot that evening.

Jackie had only just finished typing the Ambassador's telegram the next morning announcing Miss Bagshot's safe return to her flat when a blow fell from an unsuspected quarter.

She reached for the telephone, expecting a polite request from Humphrey to call on the Ambassador and heard instead the assured, slightly teasing voice of Stewart Ferguson.

"Good morning, my dear, elusive, double-crossing friend Jackie. And what, may I ask, is Miss Bagshot doing in your flat?"

"Ha, ha, very funny," Jackie said, trying to keep up a casual facade of banter but only succeeding in overdoing it. "I'm afraid I'm not very good at parlor games so early in the morning. But I'll bite. What is Miss Bagshot doing in my flat?"

"That brilliant piece of repartee is quite unworthy of a girl as smart as you," Stewart reproved her. "The Press knows all so there's no point in being cagey about it."

"What do you know?"

"A hot tip from one of your neighbors that an elderly woman answering to Miss Bagshot's description arrived at your flat late last night."

"And that's all? Why, Stewart Ferguson, I'm ashamed of you listening to such idle gossip."

"No, that's not all," Stewart's voice was unbearably smug. "I waited until I thought you had left your flat this morning and then I phoned up. Miss Bagshot answered. I recognised the voice, anyway, but, just to make sure, I said: 'Is that you, Miss Bagshot?' and she said: 'Yes, is it someone from the Embassy?' So, being the truthful soul I am, I said: 'No, this is Stewart Ferguson. You remember the correspondent at the Metropole—Ping, and the line went dead. Now the point is, do I send my story off the way it is or would the Embassy like to add a few helpful comments?'"

"If you want an official statement, I suggest that you ring either the Head of Chancery or the Ambassador," Jackie said, switching abruptly to a business-like, Civil-Servant manner.

"Oh no," Stewart laughed. "That's the wrong brand of salt for this old bird's tail. I'm not coming down to the Embassy to spend half the morning kicking my heels in the hall while the whole of the Press corps has already picked up the crumbs that are being scattered about and I am noble and alone. No, I'll take my meagre little scoop the way it is. 'Bye, Jackie dear, see you at lunch.'"

"But I'm not having lunch with you," objected Jackie.

"Didn't I tell you? I'm coming to camp on your doorstep as soon as I've sent this little piece off at the telegraph office. You may not actually give me any lunch but I'll be there. Tea and supper, too."

Jackie put down the receiver and went into the Ambassador's study to pass on the bad news.

To be concluded

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